The New York Times Book Review

Section 3

MAY 16, 1926 THIRTY-TWO PAGES

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ENGLAND'S INDUSTRIAL DILEMMA

American Methods of Production Point a Way of Escape

***THE SECRET OF HIGH WAGES.** By Bertram Austin and W. Francis Lloyd. 124 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.*

By EVANS CLARK

AMERICA Challenges the British" would have been a better title for this book. "The Secret of High Wages" gives no idea whatever of its international implications or of its almost uncanny timeliness. Had the British general strike been called just for the purpose of pointing the moral of this tale it could not have been more luridly dramatic or more completely apt.

For those who want to know why Great Britain has been paralyzed by industrial stagnation, culminating in the most extensive engagement in the struggle of the classes since Russia went over to the proletarian dictatorship, while the United States—comparatively speaking—simply oozes prosperity and contentment, this book will give answer in economic words of one syllable. It is one of those simple, unadorned statements of plain fact which is so obvious that the wonder is it was not done before.

The authors have touched a central nerve of interest that runs through world affairs today: a nerve that quickens conversation from Vladivostok to Land's End, from Murmansk to the South African farm. The growth of the United States, during a single human span of life, from a "backward" frontier nation, borrowing money by the billion from foreign creditors to money lender to the entire world; its growth from a country that not so many generations ago imported its industrial ideas, along with its manufactured goods, from Birmingham and Manchester, to one whose material success has carried its automobiles and locomotives, its reapers and its sewing machines to the uttermost parts of the earth—this is the seventh wonder of the world. Nor can the wonder be measured merely in terms of export tables. Never before in history have the good things of life, the opportunity for a rich existence, been more widely, more profusely distributed than in the United States today.

This book of Messrs. Austin and Lloyd is one of the outward and visible signs of a growing interest abroad in how this wonder is performed. Travelers from Russia and the Far East report a distinct trend toward American methods, American technique. Far-sighted observers abroad talk, some in horror, some in hope, of the "Americanization of Europe." However little the United States may have contributed to the world of literature, art and music, its distinctive offering of industrial technique is being sought in every land—and who can say, in this increasingly interdependent world, which is of greater worth?

The authors are two young English engineers who visited the United States in the latter part of last year. They came with a very definite intent. The very way in which they describe it reveals the human implications of material failure or success:

> The visit was inspired by the thought that some possible benefit might be derived from a first-hand acquaintance with the American manufacturing industry during a period of unprecedented prosperity in that country and at a time when Great Britain was in the throes of an industrial depression, hitherto unparalleled, which has rendered workless a million and a quarter of our people.

With a knowledge of British and Continental industrial affairs, they knew where to look and what to look for over here. They "toured the most important cities of Eastern America, inspected twenty-four manufacturing plants and other commercial organizations, and in addition had opportunities of discussing industrial policies and methods of manufacture with many leaders in American life."

Their book is written like an engineer's report, without the slightest artistic decoration, plainly and serviceably. It makes no pretense at literary style. It goes right to the point and says what it has to say with the fewest possible words. The whole book is not much over a hundred pages long. Out of their experience the authors have formulated nine "fundamental principles of management" which, applied to American industry, have produced these incredible results. First they summarize the nine and then discuss each one in turn, showing as they go along how different British and European practice has been in each particular case. It soon becomes evident that these nine principles are just as different from American practice a generation or two ago as they are from foreign practice today. Judged by the standards of the substantial business man of the mauve decade they are at best "unsound" and, at the worst, downright revolutionary. Yet the application of these principles has done more to prevent the possibility of a revolution in this country than all the speeches of all the anti-Socialist orators who have ever viewed the radical with alarm—and without loss of power or prestige to the property-owning class. On the contrary, it has brought the property owners profit beyond imagination, and at the same time has gone far to accomplish the radical's aim: more wealth and leisure for the masses. That is the inner secret of the American industrialist's success: he has hit upon a formula that not only enriches himself but the other fellow, too.

The old-fashioned business man, who apparently still dominates the European scene, holds firmly to the notion that profits can only be increased by cutting down wages or raising prices to the consumer—witness the coal operators in Great Britain today. But the magic American formula is precisely the reverse: in the long run profits can be substantially increased only by raising wages and reducing prices to the consumer—and it certainly seems to work. She Principles B, C and E in Messrs. Lloyd and Austin's book.

The process is this: Every cut in the price of an article allows more people to buy it. That in turn increases the volume of business and creates a double increase in profit by reducing the manufacturing costs. Large-scale production is almost invariably cheaper per unit than small. Every raise in wages also increases the business by increasing the public's purchasing power, and also spreads contentment through the land. Conversely, every time the price of an article is raised the size of its market is restricted and production costs increased. Every time wages are reduced labor is likely to spring to the defense—witness the British general strike.

Henry Ford has, of course, been the high priest of this doctrine in the United States, and the authors give him full credit for his discernment.

> As an illustration [they say] the output of the Ford Motor Company from 1908 to 1914 is interesting. In 1908-1909 the production of motor cars was 10,660 at a price of $950. In 1924 the production of the same models was 1,903,419 at a price of $290; that is to say, while the price in 1924 was one-third of the 1908 price the output had increased 200 times. It is obvious from this that although the percentage profit may be reduced even considerably, far greater aggregate profits are possible.

It is easier for the old-fashioned employer to see the logic of this than to understand how wages can be raised without cutting into his own profits or else raising the price of his product. Messrs. Lloyd and Austin put the modern American retort in Principles D, G and I:

> D. The productive capacity per capita of labor can be increased without limit, depending upon the progress made in time and trouble saving appliances. * * *
>
> G. Elimination of waste is an essential factor in the attainment of national prosperity.
>
> I. Research and experimental work are of prime importance to progress.

Any employer, the authors point out, can pay his workers more without loss to himself if only they produce more—which they are usually perfectly willing to do if it can be done without working either harder or longer. To this end a prodigious amount of time and energy has been directed in the United States. In its imposing industrial research laboratories, in the passion for inventiveness which employers have often imparted even to the workers themselves, in the nation-wide program for standardization, in the all that is meant by "American efficiency" the authors have seen a concerted drive to enlarge the productive capacity of the average man. Here apparently the contrast with Great Britain impressed them most. The British employer evidently regards his business as a social institution, while the American looks at it as a productive machine—capable of infinite improvement.

> Primarily [the authors say] the wealth of a country depends on the productivity of its population. *(Continued on Page 19)*

Building a Liner at Greenock.

From a Lithograph by Muirhead Bone. Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

Critics Whose Pens Were Dipped in Gall

Albert Mordell Collects a Group of Notable Literary Attacks

***NOTORIOUS LITERARY ATTACKS.** Edited with an Introduction by Albert Mordell. 254 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.*

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

OF literary criticism generally it has been remarked that the most violent of reviews, so long as it is written at length, only succeeds in conveying a critic's dislike of the author, and that contempt is best gauged by abbreviated space. Judged by this standard at least the fourteen distinguished authors and poets whom Albert Mordell includes in his "Notorious Literary Attacks" had little reason to complain of the onslaughts made upon their genius and character. Nearly all his curiosities of literary criticism, with the one exception of the notorious review of Carlyle's "French Revolution" in The Athenaeum (this is a little intaglio of incomprehension and stupidity quite "sui generis"), are "full dress" affairs, elucubrated with immense pains and not effected, one imagines, without much burning of midnight oil. In his preface Mr. Mordell advises the reader that he has purposely excluded all but lengthy notices, written when the authors attacked had attained prominence. But it is to be hoped that the success of the present collection will induce him to proceed and publish something in the nature of an anthology of "briefer mentions." Material for this is abundant. It is not our place to suggest any single one that seems to deserve a place. It is to be hoped, however, that the new book will find room for the early dismissal of Meredith as "this obscure author of rather low moral tone" and for the inimitable description of James Thompson's epic of blackness, "The City of Dreadful Night," as "evidently an essay in verse form of a self-educated and intelligent mechanic."

Sainte-Beuve was perhaps the greatest of all literary assessors, yet it has been justly said of him that he was "an incomparable critic of a province wherein he failed." It is the most sophomoric of charges to bring against a reviewer that because, like W. E. Henley and even gentle Cardinal Newman, he admits "lacking invention," he is therefore an unsound judge of the inventions of others. It is interesting, none the less, to note how many of the pens dipped in gall had failed to achieve any sort of recognition for the men who wielded them to wound. Lockhart is the author of a monumental biography of Walter Scott, which has never been superseded, possibly because the very excess of its veneration absorbed the enthusiasm of generations to come. John Wilson, author of the infamous attack upon Coleridge, was "Christopher North" of the Noctes Ambrosianae. But a taste for Christopher, and that extraordinary literary device of his, the "Ettrick Shepherd," like a taste for haggis and oatcake, must needs be inherited rather than acquired. W. E. Aytoun, traditionally responsible for the depreciatory notice of Tennyson's great love poem, was a collaborator in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" and the author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," beloved by that extinct figure the "reciter" of two generations ago, but hardly great verse.

Robert Buchanan of "The Fleshly School of Poetry" was a soured minor singer, who smelled oblivion in advance; Sir John Taylor Coleridge, a successful ecclesiastical lawyer, whose literary ambitions were consumed by a life of his friend and college classmate, Keble; Lady Eastlake, dredged from anonymity comparatively recently as the pious but acrimonious critic of governesses generally, and Charlotte Brontë in particular, was the gentle authoress of "Letters from the Baltic." No

In an Old Book Shop.

From a Drawing by I. Ivor Rose.

industry, apparently not even that of Mr. Mordell, has succeeded in penetrating the obscurity of A. C. Coxe, who fell foul of Hawthorne's epic of Puritan New England.

Of William Gifford, Hazlitt's enemy, in The Quarterly Review, something remains to be said. Gifford had the extraordinary equipment for an editor and critic that he hated authors, not only specifically but generically. "He looked upon authors," says Southey, "as Izaak Walton looked upon worms." The son of a ruined gentleman who had sunk into the ranks of casual labor, Gifford fought his way to a scholarship at Exeter College at the expense of hardships and humiliations that twisted his body and permanently soured his temper. In turn a toady of the Grosvenor family, a paid party hack for the Tory Party, and in his old age a miser, who left his hoard to found chairs of knowledge at his old university, the editor of the most influential literary magazine in Britain seems to have become one of those unfortunate beings who void venom because they have secreted nothing else. Gifford himself was the author of two obscure satires, the "Baviad" and the "Moeviad," which baffle even amateurs of the curious. In his editorial capacity he "altered and interpolated freely."

In his preface Mr. Mordell points out that many of the earlier critics concern themselves less with what they imagine to be literary trespasses than with the personal character and record of the writers they set out to attack from the ambush of anonymity (Leigh Hunt died persuaded that Wilson's attack on the "Cockney Poets" was the work of Sir Walter Scott). These low fellows made much of social differences, and the tuft-hunting and snobbery of the Regency became a handy bludgeon in their hands, whose effect it is hard for our generation to estimate.

"The insult which he offered to Lord Byron in the dedication of Rimini" (it is Lockhart, Scott's biographer, approaching the peroration of his attack on Leigh Hunt), "in which he, a paltry cockney scribbler, had the assurance to address one of the most nobly born of English patricians * * * as 'My Dear Byron,' although it may have been forgotten and despised by the illustrious person whom it most nearly concerned—excited a feeling of utter loathing in the public mind, which will always be remembered whenever the name of Hunt is mentioned." One recalls the British lover of Henry James's little American heroine in "An International Affair" who complained that native literary tights always struck him as "tawsing." In Lockhart we are watching the source of a tradition.

Hardly less noticeable than the crook in the back of these critical giants of old when rank and station are in question, is their unctuousness when the forbidden topic of sex obtrudes its face into letters. Then Yellowplush becomes Chadband. In "Rimini," Lockhart considers, "a deadly wound is aimed at the dearest confidences of domestic bliss." * * * "How could any man of high original genius," he asks, "ever stoop publicly, as the present day, to dip his fingers in the least of these glittering and rancid obscenities which float on the surface of Mr. Hunt's Hippocrene?" But even in the utmost throes of self-righteousness a certain deference and dif-

(Continued on Page 28.)

Russia's Red Years in a Panoramic Novel

***FROM DOUBLE-EAGLE TO RED FLAG.** By General P. N. Krassnoff. Translation from the second Russian edition by Erik Lascelles. With an introduction by William Gerhardi. In two volumes. 251 pp. New York: Duffield & Co. $7.50.*

By ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

THIS eight hundred and fifty page novel, which has been ever since its appearance in the original five years ago a best seller among the Russian émigrés scattered over Europe and America, and which has enjoyed a considerable success in some translations, especially in the German, was a bold undertaking. No wonder that it took a gallant, dashing and smashing Cossack general to write it. It is nothing less than a historical panorama conceived along the lines of "War and Peace" and covering the reign of Emperor Nicholas II, the Great War, the revolution and the triumph of the Bolsheviki.

It must be noted that contemporary Russian fiction is comparatively poor in works picturing the eventful history of the last years with such width of scope and length of range. Indeed, are there any works competing with General Krassnoff's novel? Prince S. M. Volkonsky's brilliant, though faulty, "Novel-Chronicle," which belongs to the memoirist literature rather than to fiction, and Count Alexei Tolstoy's excellent "Road to Calvary," which, however, covers a much narrower epoch and subject (there is an English translation of this book, but a remarkably bad one) are the only ones that can be named.

Let it be stated right away that it would be unjust and senseless to approach General Krassnoff's novel with the standards of Tolstoy or Bunin. General Krassnoff is a clever story-teller, but not an artist. Nor is his work a real painting, a true work of art. It is, so to speak, a collection of interesting snapshots and of well-taken panoramic photographs. Sometimes these photographs become rather tasteless oleographs, but this does not happen too often. Besides, the plucky General certainly possesses the push and dash which give the reader no time to scrutinize details. A fastidious reader may dislike also some other peculiarities of the novel. Thus, for instance, General Krassnoff's women, always decoratively dressed (or undressed) are without exceptions "fascinating and beautiful" women; the chivalry of his heroes is often a moving-picture chivalry; the high aristocracy of some of his settings is sometimes a trifle parvenuish. Artificial glitter and bad thrills may also irritate one here and there. And yet, in spite of all these shortcomings, General Krassnoff's novel is certainly amusing, interesting, at times arresting, and on the whole valuable.

The central figure—and the technical axis—of the whole novel is Sablin, a young and brilliant officer of a privileged regiment of the Guards. Telling the history of Sablin's life, of his romance with a demi-mondaine, of his fellow-officers, of their drinking parties, of his relations with soldiers, of his associations with courtiers, liberal-minded intellectuals, &c., General Krassnoff draws a vivid picture of the old Russian Army with its traditions and of the old Russia at large. The Russo-Japanese war, the revolution of 1905, the birth of the Gossudarstvennaya Dums, the balls at the court and an endless number of other social and political events as well as the interchange of various moods and tendencies in various groups and classes of population—all this is reflected and projected in the novel. It is undoubtedly interesting to hear from the old monarchist Krassnoff why and how monarchy was losing its popularity with the masses, how the traditional love for the Czar gave place to a dull indifference, how the first revolutionary sparks began to fall upon this inflammable ground. Here General Krassnoff has a great deal to narrate, and he narrates it well.

Sablin is the ideal of an old-time officer-nobleman. "A Dieu mon âme, ma vie au roi, mon coeur aux femmes, l'honneur pour moi"—such are the chivralrous principles to which he is chivalrously loyal. He adores the Emperor and the imperial family, and this adoration is not shaken even after an unexpected tragedy befalls him: his wife commits suicide because she was seduced by Rasputin, who acted with the silent consent of the Empress. What has prompted Krassnoff to insert such a flagrant historical inaccuracy into his novel? Does he not know better than any one that the late Empress never heard anything of Rasputin's similar exploits? Does he not feel that his novel acquires here the yellowish tinge of a Parisian roman de boulevard with its cheap sensationalism? But never mind. These chapters are not too long.

The centre of gravity of the novel lies in the depiction of the revolution. Here General Krassnoff spares no colors, no words. Horrible scenes are accumulated with a pitiless, perhaps with an unnecessary, realism. The roaring and lustful delight of the Bolshevist soldiers capturing in the Winter Palace the women of the Women's Battalion; these last defenders of the Provisional Government, the wildest orgies heavily sprinkled with blood, piles of mutilated bodies in the Tcheka, &c.—such is the stifling, the nightmare-like atmosphere of the last chapters. Has our General not gone too far? Has he not fallen into exaggerations? "Propaganda"—some readers will undoubtedly say. The reviewer does not think so. No, the first years of the revolution were so inventive in horrors and terrors that even the most inventive romancer would prove childishly weak in comparison with the actualities. No, this red, or even reddest, page of Russia's history is reproduced in General Krassnoff's novel with perfect accuracy, perhaps with too much accuracy. The historical truth is there, or so at least it seems to the reviewer, who recognizes in these cruel and sadistic pages the cruel and sadistic reality which he himself witnessed in 1918 and 1919.

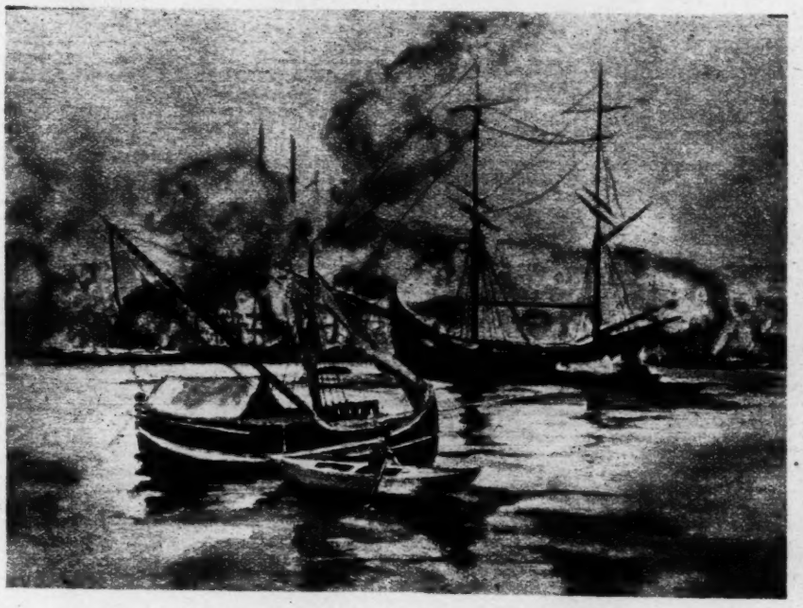
The dénouement of the novel is rapid and brutally catastrophic. Sablin who, disguised, wants to reach Denikin's anti-Bolshevist forces, is caught by the Reds. He is tortured, and dies heroically a tragic death; he does not utter a single groan when he is slapped on the face and beaten, when his hands are dipped into boiling water and "gloves" of human skin are taken off them, or when a cold revolver muzzle is put to his forehead. These tortures and the concluding bullet are administered to him by his own illegitimate son, the child of a romance he had had in his pre-marriage days. This monster of cold criminal depravity (a type not uncommon in the blood-soaked revolutionary days) tries also to lay his hand on Sablin's daughter, but she succeeds in escaping with her fiancé to Finland. This is about the only light, if not bright, spot on the hopelessly black background of the last chapter.

Such is the brief outline of this dynamic novel which, especially toward the end, is full of quick action, of rapidly shifting dramatic scenes, of deaths, arrests, love-stories, murders, flights, &c. All this is, of course, far from perfection. Yet the reader gets so absorbed in this book that he cannot lay it aside before having finished it. Does this not, after all, justify the author? Though not artistic, the novel has the fascination of a "true story," of a graphic account of things seen and lived, of a human document written with a genuine sincerity and bold outspokenness.

*An English edition of this novel, for which Brentano's was the American agent, received an extended review in THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW of June 17, 1923.

Under His Western Hat the Turk Remains the Same

Perennial Fascination of the Near Eastern Drama in Three New Books of History and Travel



The Golden Horn, Seen From the Water's Edge on a Misty Morning.

The Illustrations on this Page Are From Paintings by Warwick Gable, for "Constantinople," by Alexander von Millinger. (A. & C. Black, London.)

THE HEART OF THE MIDDLE EAST. *By Richard Coke. 319 pp. Illustrated. New York: Frank Maurice.*

CONSTANTINOPLE. *By George Young. 310 pp. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran.*

A TURKISH KALEIDOSCOPE. *By Clare Sheridan. 223 pp. Illustrated. London: Duckworth.*

By P. W. WILSON

FOR three generations the people of the United States, old and young, have been stirred by the sorrows of the Near East. Indeed, over the Treaty of Lausanne, Senator Borah has been engaged recently in a gallant combat with one hundred Bishops. Hence, our interest in these volumes wherein the drama of the Near East is displayed.

Richard Coke, who writes of Iraq, is the Englishman who grumbles but carries on. And it is with knowledge at first hand that he tells a tangled story, past and present. His conclusion is, perhaps, curious. He condemns the mandate over Mesopotamia as a concession to the idealism of Geneva which satisfies nobody. And he considers that what the situation demands is a direct annexation of the territory by the British. His argument is that the Mesopotamians are not and do not want to be a nation. They did not ask for King Feisal, nor did the "elect" him; still less have they ever elected a Parliament. The one thing that would help them is a definite citizenship. Under Turkey, they enjoyed this status. If Turkish sovereignty is at an end, they should be granted an equivalent citizenship in the British Empire, a citizenship for which many of them have pleaded.

We agree with Mr. Young that there is an excellent pretext for his personally conducted tour through Constantinople. With the fall of the Caliphate, the veil is torn aside which hid that mystery of iniquity, known to diplomats as the Sublime Porte. And in a year or two, doubtless, the unbeliever from Chicago, ready with her gratuity, will be fingering the black mantle of the Prophet, stroking his beard and admiring his tooth.

In the meantime, Mr. Young, using Gibbon, Byron and Baedeker as his combination, unlocks the chamber of horrors. Discarded viziers hang on hooks like mutton until they expire in midair. And janizaries announce a revolution by overturning their kettles. We read of princely heirs to the throne, immured for life in the kavass or cage of inlaid marble where they are assured of every luxury except liberty; also of Ambassadors, seeking an audience with the Sultan, who were detained in an anteroom for hours and then admitted by the gracious formula, "Let the dogs be fed."

There in the mosques are tombs where dozens of fezzes are set on one side, showing that the prince or princess suffered death by blade or bowstring. There were periods when the poor themselves would not eat fish that had fattened themselves on corpses, thrown by thousands into the Sea of Marmora. It shows that the Turk, in his justice, was at least impartial. If he massacred the Christians, it was only because, with him, slaughter, like charity, began at home.

With life thus uncertain, we ask why life was lived at all. The Turk would reply that we can but die once, and that to be drowned in a sack is as painless a death as to be broken by disease. And it is here that Clare Sheridan, that Junior Margot, enters the picture. With deft touches, she adds the Turkish delight which melts in the mouth. The Bosporus may be carpeted with dead bones, but that only enhances the joy of a bath. Indeed, Mrs. Sheridan has braved a Turkish bath indoors, the real thing, which included a public scrubbing, vivaciously retailed as literature.

She tells us that she is a pacifist. If she travels, it is because she wishes to internationalize her children. And when her small boy, lying naked in the surf, confides to her that he wishes to serve in the navy, but only on a battleship with sixteen-inch guns, she, also in the surf, turns aside her head. She has had her fill of war. And she lives now for brotherhood.

And what makes her brotherhood so interesting is that it includes Cain as well as Abel. One day a Bolshevik turned up on the Bosporus. In appearance he was a replica of Rasputin and he played the violin divinely. Fascinated by his harmonies, the lady of peace at once appointed him to be tutor to her enterprising offspring. It was not long before the children displayed an unwonted zeal for education. And on inquiry into this phenomenon it was found that they were learning to make bombs. A fond mother ruled that there must be a limit to music, even in the nursery. But she is grateful for the anecdote.

Humdrum patriots who pay taxes for armies and navies have sometimes been a little shocked by the playful pastimes of the terrible Turk. Not so a pacifist like Mrs. Sheridan. She adores the dear man with the dripping scimitar. The Turks, she tells us, like to be "master in their own house." And she proceeds:

> It may be a dilapidated house; it may be lacking in modern improvements, but, whatever improvements are to be made, they [the Turks] want to make themselves. Preferably an untidy homeliness to the dictation of paying guests who insist upon imposing a standard of living that is of a different level. In these days no one will tolerate being told how to live, people do not want to be "better," they want to be themselves.

It is a plausible plea. But does there not arise the question whether the Turk has ever had a house of his own? What house save a tent on the shores of the Caspian has he ever occupied that was not built by others? His only mosques have been Christian churches, either appropriated or imitated. Mr. Young tells us that his domesticities, including the yashmak, are of Byzantine origin; he had to borrow his very vices. And Mrs. Sheridan distils scorn over his latest acquisition, the derby hat. The Turk has invented nothing, improved nothing, adorned nothing, shared nothing and made nothing. He is simply a picturesque bandit who roams about ragged and penniless, except in so far as he can steal a purse and rob a neighbor of his robe. He has not even the energy to rear a following generation. The Sultan Abdul Hamid was born of an Armenian mother and it was on her kinsfolk that he inflicted massacre. And Kemal Pasha, so Mrs. Sheridan informs us, divorced his wife because she objected to his orgies of intoxication.

It is because the Turk is the cuckoo of Asia who seizes the other bird's nest that he cannot live side by side with the Greeks, the Serbians and the Bulgars. And Mr. Young does not dissent from Gladstone's demand that the intruder be turned out "bag and baggage."

With respect to Mrs. Sheridan, nobody has ever minded the Turk living as he likes. But to live means to let live. And if the Turks want to be "themselves," so do the non-Turks. In her playful way Mrs. Sheridan protests that the Turk shall not be asked to accept a standard of living at "a different level," and especially a "better" standard. But it was the Turk who persecuted others unless they would submit to a standard of living which, after all, was "different" because it was worse.

That the Turk sometimes appears as a benevolent old gentleman who sits with his legs crossed, smokes a pipe and drinks strong coffee, is quite true. As Mr. Young reminds us, the Czar Nicholas of Russia said of Turkey in 1853, "the sick man is dying," and a death bed usually includes good behavior. But it is what the Turk achieves when he feels fit that reveals his character.

The evidence in these volumes is that, by expelling the Greeks, the Turk has ruined, not only Constantinople but the country as a whole. Just as he has built the molded masonry of the Alexandrine architects into the rookeries which he calls the streets of Broussa, so has he always sustained himself on the plunder of a past which he did nothing to create. They who say that the Turks who captured Constantinople, were no worse than the Greeks who surrendered to them, ignore an essential distinction between the races. It is true that Constantinople went rotten, but Constantinople only went rotten because first she had become rich. The Greeks, in their decadence, might not be able to defend what they built but at least they built something to defend. The Turk has not had so much as the energy to preserve what he won by the sword. He is not without brain, but it is a brain in indolent abeyance.

And the question that we have to answer is why Islam, so powerful in conquest, has been thus impotent in reconstruction. Greece and Rome founded empires, which have disappeared. But the Greek Empire bequeathed art to posterity. And the Roman Empire bequeathed law. The Saracen Empire, so Mr. Coke maintains, has bequeathed nothing. It stretched from Bagdad to Gibraltar and it leaves not a wrack—only wreck—behind.

To say that one religion is as good as another is no solution of the riddle. And Mr. Coke, avoiding such platitudes, prefers to subject Islam to a diagnosis which goes to the root of the matter.

The Arab, says he, is a mathematician. It is to him that we owe the word algebra. In a world, then, where to the West, the Christian was saying that God is Three and where to the East the Hindu was saying that God is Three Hundred Thousand, Mohammed announced that God is One. And any one who could count on his fingers was aware that one can only be one. It is the simplest of simple equations. And in centuries of superstition, the simple equation, being a certainty, cut like a knife.

But the trouble with an equation, however true it be and however accurate, is that it leaves you for all time precisely where you happen to be at the moment. It is static, not dynamic. And when the Greeks, in their metaphysical manner, said that there is three in one and one in three, they were suggesting divinity, not as a formula but as a life. God was no mere force. He was Fatherhood. He was Sonship. He was Spirit. Creation was not a world already made but a world in the making. And in this task of making the world, man is not a servant but a partner.

It is for this reason that Christian and Turk do not assimilate. Century after century the Christian persists in decorating his altars, educating his children, using his mind for banking and commerce, and producing a civilization. At intervals the Turk comes in, sweeps his sword over the cities like a scythe, desecrates the altars, despoils the children, plunders the banks and, having reaped his harvest, returns from smoking homes to smoke a pipe, as a gentleman should, in the peace of his harem. Having sampled the evidence of these three latest witnesses, we are unable to see that the wearing of a Western hat has changed in any way the contents of the Ottoman mind within a powerfully constructed skull. The only question is whether that mentality is yielding, slowly but surely, to the persistent and enobling influence of Robert College at Constantinople and the university founded by citizens of the United States in Beirut.

Market in the Court of the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed I., Constantinople.

About Books, *More or Less:* Familiar Faces Wanted

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

IN the citadels of literary revolt we detect movements toward what looks suspiciously like reaction. Red leaders betray hankerings for the ideals and practices of the White Guards. Approaching the point in roundabout fashion, let us start with the latest Pulitzer prize in literature. Mr. Sinclair Lewis is in error. The Pulitzer committee must have found in his novel something besides "the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood" which the founder prescribed. The wholesomeness of the American medical profession is not much more conspicuously present in "Arrowsmith" than the wholesomeness of American business life was in "Babbitt" or the wholesomeness of American small-town life was in "Main Street," neither of which books won the Pulitzer award. It is the present writer's guess that the committee in the latest instance acted not as guardians of the American ideal but as judges of good literature. They probably found in "Arrowsmith" something they did not find in its predecessors, and that is at least two living human beings in the person of Martin Arrowsmith and his wife, Leora.

If this conjecture is sound, then we face an interesting and diverting state of things. The Pulitzer committee is that hateful thing, an institution. What is worse, it is an institution devoted to the encouragement of American ideals, standards and manners. And yet there is good reason to suppose that its choice of "Arrowsmith" and, beyond that, the motives for its choice, would receive the hearty commendation of H. L. Mencken. It was he I had in mind when I spoke of Red yearnings in the direction of the White Guards. Specifically I refer to his suggestion in the Sunday World of two weeks ago that the young Red novelists might profit greatly by giving a thought to—think of it!—William Makepeace Thackeray. It now appears that this eminent early Victorian succeeded, in the case of Becky Sharp, in creating a live person, a feat which "the overwhelming majority of our younger novelists" have not yet placed to their credit.

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OF The American Mercury's editor it should be recalled that he is not at all averse to plopping an occasional admonitory bit of high explosive in the ranks of his own faithful. Whether the motive be educational or just high spirits does not matter; I believe it is the former. Take some of our younger historians who have been telling the truth about the Fathers in the pages of The Mercury. It must have been a shock to be reminded by the editor a couple of months back that the men who signed the Declaration of Independence were really of—well, one might almost say, heroic stature. Declarations of Independence, the young sardonics were reminded, are not so easy to sign when you have a head and a fine landed estate to lose. Then Hamilton was not simply staging a movement in favor of the banking interests? Jefferson was not really working for the Colonial landlords as against the rural "proletariat"? Washington was not really thinking of real estate promotions on the headwaters of the Potomac? So ask the discomfited young historians, and their editor, guide, philosopher and friend says, virtually and brutally, "I don't think so." Similarly, it must have been a setback for the literary militants when Mr. Mencken announced that the best way of handling Mr. Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" was to induce your pastor to read the first volume while you concentrated on the second volume. It was a statement assaying 50 per cent. heresy.

Hint or suggestion becomes straightout reproof in Mr. Mencken's latest address to his grand army. The young novelists are urged to keep "so-called ideas out of their books and to put in human beings instead." "What ails them is that they are not novels at all, but treatises." "In other words, a first-rate novel is always a character sketch. It may be more than that, but at bottom it is always a character sketch, or, if the author is of the genuinely imperial line, a whole series of them. More, it is a character sketch of an individual not far removed from the norm of the race." This is what Thackeray did with Becky—it would be too much to expect Mr. Mencken to say Colonel Newcome—Dumas with D'Artagnan, Mark Twain with Huck Finn, Montague Glass with Potash and Perlmutter, Willa Cather with "My Antonia," and Sinclair Lewis with Babbitt. It will be noted that Mr. Mencken prefers Babbitt to Arrowsmith, but that does not matter. The insistence is on a human being with bone, flesh, blood and recognizable features and emotions. There must be a man in the novel, and, what is more striking, of the norm of the race. To speak of the norm would seem to be coming dangerously close to that worst of all things—democracy. But let that pass.

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ALTHOUGH it is not essential to the theme of the present paper, I cannot resist the temptation to point out that Mr. Mencken himself has not quite rounded out his neo-conservatism. Just half way down his column the theme is forgotten and the earlier allegiance asserts itself with a bang. Why, he rises to ask, does the younger novelist waste his time on third-rate ideas when there are so many characters to be created? For instance: the American politician, university president, policeman, lawyer, insurance man, prohibition fanatic, bootlegger, Y. M. C. A. secretary and last but not least the American journalist. For the journalist we are actually presented with a ready-made theme. Here is the American journalist. He starts out to be an artist, a moralist, a genuine romantic. He ends up as "the most depressing jackass in his community—the darling of all its frauds and idiots, and the despair of all its honest men." Young novelists, go to it.

Do you detect, my friends, in this vivid little scenario the makings of a character sketch in the spirit of real literature? Do you detect the promise of a journalist such as our friend William Makepeace produced in the person of Warrington and better still in Captain Shandon of Fleet Prison? Or do you rather suspect that the faithful execution of Mr. Mencken's specifications will give you another of those treatises which he so deplores? Well, it doesn't matter. Let us throw away the worser half of his Sunday column of two weeks ago and cling to that part in which he preaches the soundest of literary doctrine according to our own old-fashioned upbringing. Even if a few of his chips may land in the pages of The American Mercury let us be thankful for the heartfelt warning to the younger novelists:

> It is their aim, apparently, to shock Boobo Americanus with the vitality and heterodoxy of their ideas and so fill their novels with propaganda and convert their characters into sticks.

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IN other words, sticking pins into Boobo Americanus is proper enough for a magazine of ideas but not for creative art. How far back does that last word carry us? A full generation to that young rebel, Rudyard Kipling's "But is it art?" The editor of The Mercury now virtually says that the iconoclastic young Rudyard's sneer was unjustified. There is such a thing as art. It means, in literature, good writing, as he insists in the case of Theodore Dreiser. It means much more than that, people, people, people; people who live and not with the life of flaming youth in revolt, but alive with the recognizable life of the norm of the race. It is a warning to the younger practitioners that they have been so intent on making their characters different, that they have forgotten to make them alive. If it will not too greatly hurt Mr. Mencken's feelings, already lacerated perhaps by the suggestion that his views coincide with that of the Pulitzer committee, I would point out that an English commentator on American literature has recently been expressing the very same idea almost in the very same words. If the young American novelists want to preach, says J. B. Priestley in a recent Forum article, they are welcome, but they should let pure literature alone:

> It is a paltry business treating art as if it were so much jam to be dubbed around a pill; it is far better to dash into journalism, to produce pamphlets, to call a meeting—

Or, as we should probably say, to hire a hall. And yet a bit of caution here is needed. In the British critic's plea for "pure literature" it is not unlikely that the young congregation will detect that art for art's sake which has always aroused the just resentment of the young and ardent. Let us concede that there cannot be, or there ought not to be, an art without a purpose. Let us say that there cannot be a literature without a message. Russian literature, virtually from the beginning of the nineteenth century, has strenuously denied the possibility of an esthetic divorced from life, of an art devoid of social content. And yet it is on record that in Tolstoy, Turgeniev and Dostoievsky the Russians managed to create a fairly respectable body of literature. One might be much kinder, then, to the younger novelists than Mr. Mencken is inclined to be, or Mr. Priestley. One might acknowledge their right to carry on propaganda, to preach, to attack, destroy, revaluate, reconstruct, provided they go about it in the proper fashion, as we of the old world see it. They are welcome to write devastating treatises on bourgeois ethics if they do it after the manner of "Vanity Fair," mordant treatises on sex if they do it as successfully as Thomas Hardy in "Tess" or "Jude," and even treatises on the iniquity of serfdom if they can manage it as well as Turgeniev's "Annals of a Sportsman."

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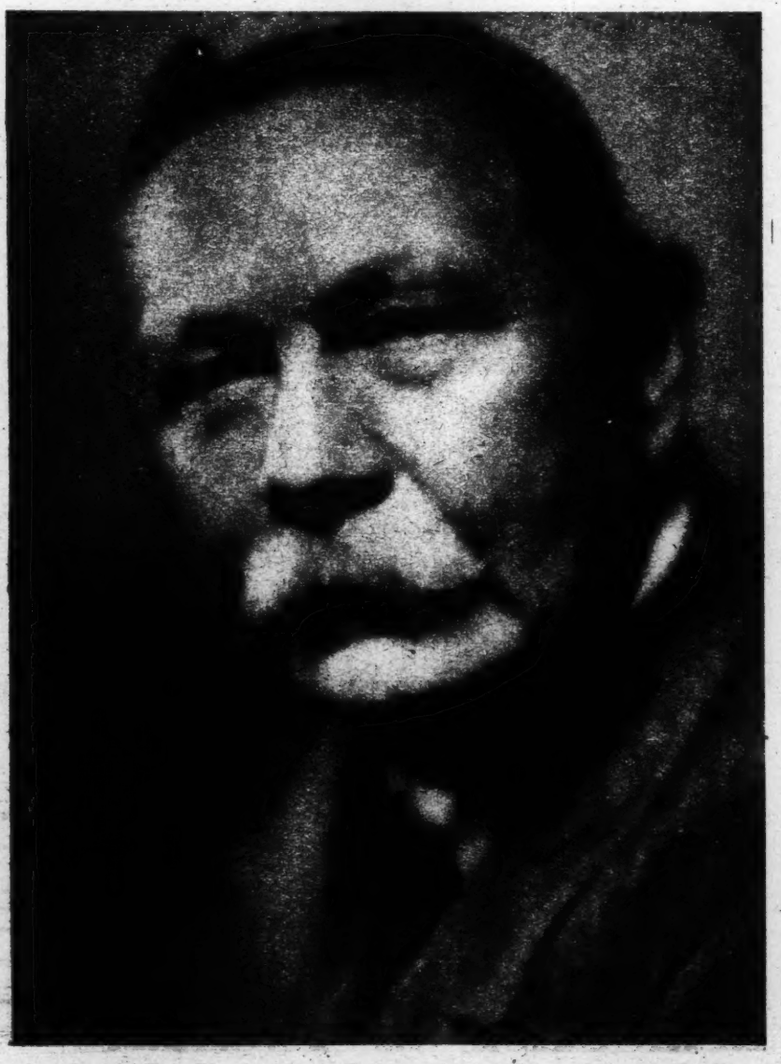
IT is a question of the difference of approach. Will you start out with a thesis or with a man? Will you start out with a chip on the shoulder or with a great curiosity in your heart about life in the individual or group of individuals? If you start out with the human being and succeed in realizing him the chances are that you will also have developed a thesis. If you start out with a thesis or a grouch the chances are that this is as far as you will ever get. Our contemporary flaming youth in the novels is like our contemporary flaming gin—mostly synthetic. Our heroes and our villains are not observed and understood and interpreted, but manufactured. You set out to shock mid-Victorian Aunt Jane, as Mr. Priestley puts it. You do it by drawing up a catalogue of most of the things Aunt Jane would seriously disapprove of and embody them in a man or a woman who is only a mannikin. You set out to satirize the American business man and you end up by creating a something that may be engaged in plumbing supplies or real estate, but is not a man. But if you went at it the other way, if you depicted a man who happened also to be a manufacturer of household fixtures, you would not only have a real human being, but you might convey to the public all that there is to be said about the evils of the sanitary plumbing trade.

At any rate we face this simple test. Youth today is in revolt. It is in revolt against that earlier complex of inhibitions, taboos, timidities, superstitions which crippled people's lives and the depiction of such lives in literature. It stands for freedom, gusto, impulse, experiment, the honest naked flesh, the hot blood in the veins,—very well. But where in the newer literature are these throbbing, palpitant, really living men and women? The odd thing is that the older literature, for all its inhibitions, did succeed in creating such living, breathing human figures, with bulk, muscle, blood, humors. Where are the new figures to correspond? Even when we have made the approach, there is a difference in degree that amounts almost to a difference in essence. People say, "He is a Babbitt." But people do not speak, or did not use to speak of a Pickwick, a Micawber, a Becky Sharp, a Richard Feverel, an Anna Karenina, a Tess. They said Pickwick, Micawber, Becky, Anna Karenina. People spoke of real people, not of ideas or types.

There is a possible rejoinder. The time has not yet come for constructive effort. The young novelists are still engaged in stashing away at the mid-Victorian jungle, clearing the ground for the new sowing. Some day the ground will be prepared, the seed will be scattered and the harvest will come. Let us hope so. But time is passing. People are growing weary of waiting. Already Mr. Mencken is showing impatience.

TRACKER OF MYSTERIES HERE AND BEYOND



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Whose Latest Novel, "The Land of Mist" (Doran), Is Reviewed in This Issue.

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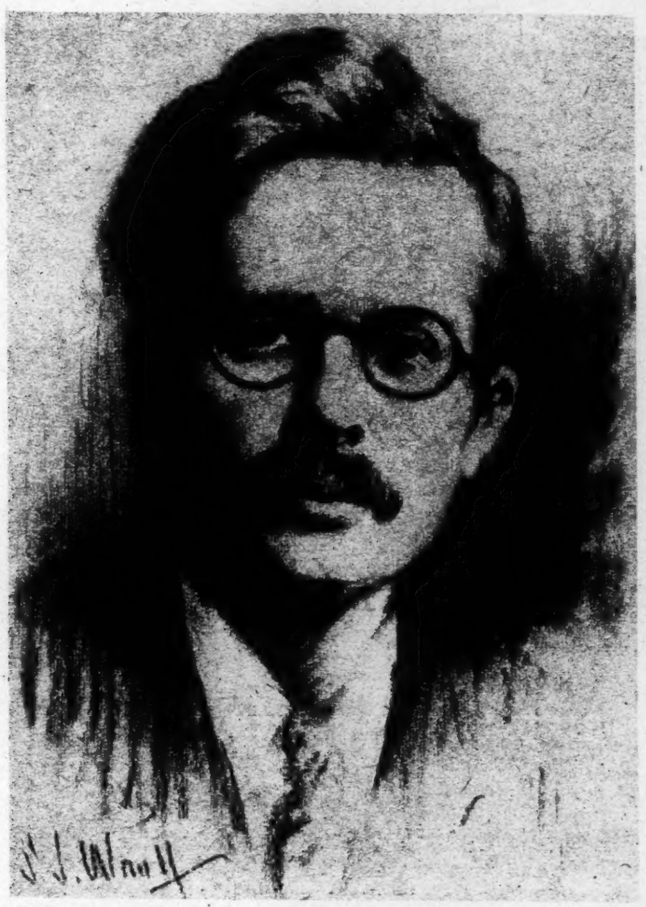
Aldous Huxley Presents A Gallery of Bores

His Latest Collection of Stories Contains an Entertaining Tour de Force



Aldous Huxley.

From a Drawing by E. J. Woolf.

TWO OR THREE GRACES. By Aldous Huxley. 301 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

By JOHN CARTER

IN many respects Aldous Huxley is the most disheartening phenomenon in post-war English fiction. Dowered with a trend of mind which reduces human behavior to terms of scientific biology, and equipped with a vocabulary of unusual richness and color, he persists in his languid manner. He has all the gifts save the essential one of enthusiasm. He writes of love and life with penetration and charm, but all his work is colored by listlessness. One feels that there is not a single theme, a single character that enlists his active sympathy. And so, his books succeed one another with the regularity of the solstice, but bring no warmth; they tread the silent paths of the moon, but bring none of the moon's mad glamour. They are as sterile as a test-tube. Fabre could write of beetles with more gusto than Huxley can bring to his light little studies of his fellow men and women.

This general indifference is admirably demonstrated by the present volume. Two-thirds of the book is taken up with a very long short-story, which is concerned almost exclusively with bores. It is a book of bores, which explores with fidelity and some humor that dreary area of social relationships which separates friendly intimacy from frank indifference. As such it is a stylistic tour de force. Mr. Huxley shows his ability to keep one interested in boring people. And he does so with the aid of fewer epigrams than is usual in the smart post-war book, fewer indelicacies, less practical biology, as it were. He even develops a surprising brief for the merits of matrimony as against the pagan delights of the wild, gay days of 1919 and 1920. If his characters sin, it is no longer from a sense of duty, but for pleasure. However, first let us consider the Huxley bore:

> Some authorities derive it from the verb meaning to pierce. A bore is a person who drills a hole in your spirit, who tunnels relentlessly through your patience, through all the crusts of voluntary deafness, inattention, rudeness, which you vainly interpose—through and through till he pierces to the very quick of your being. But there are other authorities, as good or even better, who derive the word from the French bourrer, to stuff, to satiate. If this etymology is correct, a bore is one who stuffs you with his thick and suffocating discourse, who rams his suety personality, like a dumpling, down your throat. He stuffs you; and you, to use an apposite modern metaphor, are "fed up with him." I like to think, impossibly, that both these derivations of the word are correct; for bores are both piercers and stuffers. They are like dentists' drills, and they are also like stale buns. But they are characterized by a further quality, which drills and doughnuts do not possess; they cling. That is why (though no philologist) I venture to suggest a third derivation, from "burr." Burr, bourrer, bore—all the sticking, stuffing, piercing qualities of boredom are implicit in those three impossible etymologies. Each of the three deserves to be correct.

"Two or Three Graces" is told in the third person, and of all the people in it, only Grace Peddley is not boring, although exactly like her brother Herbert, who was a clinging bore. "If once a week he got the equivalent of a pat on the head and a 'Good dog, Herbert,' he wagged his spirit's tail and was perfectly happy." Kingham was an irritating journalist, whose great delight was self-torture, induced by emotional scenes with his friends and with his women. When the fit was on him, he was capable of such tirades as this:

> I know that my father was a plumber and that I was educated at the expense of the State and by scholarships for the encouragement of clever paupers. I know I speak Cockney and not Eton and Oxford. I know that my manners are bad and that I eat dirtily and that I don't wash my teeth enough. (None of these things were true; but it suited Kingham, at the moment, to believe that they were. He wanted to feel abased, in order that he might react with greater violence. He insulted himself in order that he might attribute the insults, under which he genuinely winced, to me, and so have an excuse for being angry with me.)

But the super-bore, the Big Bertha of the business, was John Peddley, husband of Grace and brother-in-law of Herbert.

> Peddley was an active bore, the most active, I think, that I ever met; an indefatigable piercer, a relentless stuffer and crammer. He talked incessantly, and his knowledge of uninteresting subjects was really enormous. All that I know of the Swiss banking system, of articifial manures, of the law relating to insurance companies, of pig-breeding, of the ex-Sultan of Turkey, of sugar rationing during the war, and a hundred other similar subjects, is due to Peddley. He was appalling, really appalling; there is no other word. I know no human being with whom I would less willingly pass an hour.

"It was agony for him to be alone. He hunted company ferociously, as wild beast pursue their prey." When he intercepted Herbert and the narrator at the Dover Pier, "I was warmed by his gladness, it seemed so genuine. And genuine it was—the genuine gladness of an ogre who has found a chubby infant straying alone in the woods." Such was the man to whom gentle, inefficient and confiding Grace was married:

> Peddley did not understand the meaning of intimacy. * * * One might as well have tried to confide in a gramophone; one might whisper the most secret and sacred thoughts into the trumpet of the machine, but there came back only a loud booming voice that expounded the financial policy of Sweden. * * * In the spiritual home of the Peddleys there was only a bedroom and a lecture room.

Of course, this would never do. The narrator, who is a music critic, takes Grace under his wing, makes her accompany him to concerts and then discovers her great quality: protective coloration. She becomes whatever she thinks she is. With him she is a music critic. Then by chance she meets Rodney Olegg, the artist whose specialty is painting naked ladies on bicycles, and falls in love with him; she becomes a synthetic eighteenth century grande dame. When she falls in love with Kingham she acts in a spirit of "devilish concupiscence," because he accuses her of heartless coquetry. And then she falls, not in love, but in the thing deeper than love, which we used to call love before the war, which reduces her to the charming common denominator of simple womanhood. And that brings tragedy.

With this tragedy, as with the three very short sketches which conclude the back, "Half-Holiday," "The Monocle" and "Fairy Godmother" we need not concern ourselves. One may note in passing a few smart sayings, some successful, some not so good, of the sort associated with the author's reputation: "I have noticed that as a general rule people of decided individuality very rarely continue their schoolboy acquaintances into later life"; "It is astonishing what even the richest men will put up with for the sake of a free meal"; "When Greek meets Greek then comes an exchange of anecdotes about the deposed sovereigns of Eastern Europe—in a word, the tug of bores"; "Such is life; when the heart is open the shops are generally shut."

By all odds, the most interesting development of Mr. Huxley's style is his altered reaction to the institution of marriage. Hitherto it has been treated in his work as rather an absurd habit, a mere opportunity for mockery. The Puritans were the first to discover that the fullest pleasure in life may be gained from a sense of sin. In "Two or Three Graces" Mr. Huxley moves toward the same conclusion. At one of Rodney Clegg's Bohemian parties

> I heard a young man saying in a loud, truculent voice: "We're absolutely modern, we are. Anybody can have my wife, so far as I'm concerned. I don't care. She's free. And I'm free. That's what I call modern."
>
> I could not help wondering why he should call it modern. To me it rather seemed primeval—almost prehuman. Love, after all, is the new invention; promiscuous lust geologically old-fashioned. The really modern people, I reflected, are the Brownings.

Again, Kingham expounds the effects of travel in India and China:

> It's uncomfortable at first; but then, how exciting! And how much more coplously and multifariously you begin to live! But precisely for that reason you feel the need for some sort of fixity and definition, some kind of absolute, not merely of the imagination, but in actual life. That's where love comes in, and domesticity.

Most surprising of all is the last volte-face on pagan freedom of words and deeds:

> She had not decided anything; for decision is deliberate and the fruit of calculation. She was just wildly indulging in action, in precisely the same way as she indulged in random speech, without thinking of what the deeds or the words committed her to. But whereas logical inconsistencies matter extremely little and false intellectual position can easily be abandoned, the effects of action or of words leading to action are not so negligible. For action commits what is much more important than the intellect—the body. To get the bodily self out of a false position is a difficult and often painful business.

In short, Mr. Huxley has realized at last, in the sphere of social relationships, what is the first law of science, the existence of a chain known as cause and effect. Newton held three centuries ago that "to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction." That is as true of human beings as it is of the planets and the suns. In other words, for all the knack of scientific analysis of behavior which gave metallic brilliance to his earlier work, Mr. Huxley has hitherto never applied the elements of science to the study of life. If he would only learn that the second qualification of the scientific observer is not indifference but enthusiastic and sympathic curiosity, his writings would be redeemed from its present tendency toward inertia, and Aldous Huxley take place as one of the most stimulating writers of his age, as he is today one of the most agreeable.

Naïve Memoirs of a Young Man

TWENTY-FIVE. By Beverly Nichols. 256 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

THIS book, which bears the subtitle, "A Young Man's Candid Recollections of His Elders and Betters," sets out to be a number of alarming things which it is not, especially if one reads the jacket. "Imprudent," "breath-taking," "bold" are some of the adjectives, but no doubt these are not to be taken any more seriously than the rest of the screed which says: "Here we see Winston Churchill losing his temper, the Queen of Greece confiding and Michael Arlen disdaining pink chestnuts."

Now as a matter of fact this interesting reminiscence reveals none of these things so well as it discloses just what the title indicates; in brief, Twenty-Five. The charm and naïveté of twenty-five, that is to say (a naïveté which undertakes to explain Mrs. Asquith to the English-speaking public), the youthful uncertainty of that age, concealed beneath considerable swagger, the wavering, if visible, point of view, the gusts of enthusiasm carefully turned into flippancy and irony.

In describing Noel Coward, for example, in a fine attitude of derision over a piano one night, with a sophisticated French doll summing up the situation around him, the young author would fain have had the young actor smile sardonically as he finished, and rise and flick the doll on the nose. In fact he says as much, but candor compels him to confess that nothing like this really happened. This is a species of candor which the best raconteurs always overlook; Mrs. Asquith herself has been repeatedly accused of lacking it.

So that, if one wanted to advise this young man for his own good, it would be to encourage him to be more reckless and absurd, not less. He has been very bold and bad, to be sure, in his anecdotes of the great and the near-great with whom he has already come in contact, but if he is ever to be remembered as a genuine enfant terrible he must be much bolder and badder yet.

In this effort he could, no doubt, get pointers from his strenuous acquaintance, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whom he describes in the act of flinging a naughty story about a hen full in the face of a displeasing lady opposite her at dinner. The fact that she was also smoking a cigar at the time adds piquancy to the story. And then, with a really nice gesture, this young man puts beside Mrs. Campbell in his narrative the cool and elusive Lady Russell, or "Elizabeth," with her tiny voice, delicate manner and spidery handwriting.

Around and between these glimpses of famous persons, of course, Mr. Nichols writes a good deal of autobiography. And again and again he is hampered by that same literal-mindedness and caution which spoils some of his best incidents. It was this same inhibition, no doubt, which stood in his way when he first took up his career as a reporter. This experience he confesses did not prove all roses. Frequently he found himself far from exhilarated at the prospect of ringing up an irate duchess at midnight, or of breaking in upon a family newly implicated in the latest sensational murder. This deplorable refinement of feeling, which most journalists are supposed to lack, was largely responsible, in his opinion, for his escape into the realms of dramatic criticism.

In his opinion, however, he is distinctly in error. That emerging point of view of his is probably responsible, and if he can only harden and strengthen his audacity it ought to stand him in good stead. G. K. Chesterton at 25 must have been very like Beverly Nichols. It is merely that he has mellowed. All of which may be summarized by saying repetitiously that the young man shows promise.

ISABEL BOYD.

Dean Briggs of Harvard, Leader of Youth

Through Many College Generations He Made His Influence Felt in Teaching, Discipline and Sport

Dean Le Baron Russell Briggs.

Photograph by Purdy.

***DEAN BRIGGS.** By Rollo Walter Brown. 330 pp. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.*

By PERCY A. HUTCHISON

IT is a comparatively easy matter to write the biography of a man of action, a Cecil Rhodes, say, or a James J. Hill. Of course, bad work is possible even here; but granted fidelity to fact, the biography writes itself. It is a very different matter when a biographer essays to make living and vital the life history of a man whose days have been devoid of action. Therefore, the degree of success Rollo Walter Brown attains with his biography of the former Dean of Harvard College, Dean Briggs, should be multiplied, figuratively speaking, by at least ten, for it would be difficult to find a man whose life, outwardly, at least, has been more placid than that of Dean Briggs. Yet it is not too much to say that Mr. Brown's pages will recreate for thousands of Harvard graduates the figure of the man they always respected, occasionally feared and often loved. And for those who through the misfortune of temporal or special causes never came into contact with Le Baron Russell Briggs he fashions the figure of one of the truly great persons in American educational history.

The present writer's recollection of his first sight of Dean Briggs is probably typical. As a freshman in Harvard College he went, on the appointed day, to the first meeting of the year for the course in English composition then prescribed for first-year students — the course known as "English A." The meeting was of the entire class; if he is correct, about 400 boys. The classroom was an amphitheatre; and on the platform was a raw-boned, extraordinarily homely youngish man with thé most engaging manner of smiling. The writer, having been preceded in college by an older brother whom he frequently visited, was aware that recent graduates were frequently employed as instructors in English in the big freshman class, and he wondered as to the identity of the big country youth whose voice had mellow intonations and who seemed absolutely determined to refute the law of gravitation by climbing backward up the wall behind him. Great was his astonishment when he learned that the man to whom he had been listening and whose prehensile efforts had been so diverting was no less a person than the Dean himself.

As a matter of fact, the phenomenal success of Dean Briggs in dealing with undergraduates was probably due in no small measure to his homeliness of feature and his eccentricities of pose—the undergraduate was so diverted that unpleasant news did not seem unpleasant. Indeed, in a book of rhymes once published under the title of "Harvard Celebrities" there was contained this encomium on Mr. Briggs.

Of all the sprightly figures that
adorn the college scene,
The most supremely genial is our
own beloved Dean.
He'll kick you out of college, and
he'll never shed a tear,
But he does it so politely that it's
music to the ear.
He meets you in the anteroom; he
grasps you by the hand;
He offers you the easy chair, and
begs you not to stand.
"Good morning, Mr. Sporticus!
How is your Uncle Jim?
I used to know him well at school—
you look so much like him!
And you're enjoying college? Yes?
Indeed! I am so glad!
Let's see—six 'E's'? Impossible!
How very, very sad!"

Something, of course, is to be forgiven the halting meter; but this stanza comes very near to expressing the underlying feeling of affection, of genuine affection, which the college population felt toward Dean Briggs.

The saying that, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em," was never better illustrated in the last of the particulars than in the case of Dean Briggs. As successive crises or needs arose at Harvard Mr. Briggs was the man of the hour. Never seeking any office, office after office sought him. Born in New England (to be precise, in Salem, Mass.), of New England ancestry, in the middle of the last century, he entered college when the term collegiate instruction was synonymous with the classics; young Le Baron Russell Briggs became a proficient Greek scholar, and when, some years later, he was offered the post of tutor by President Eliot it was as tutor in Greek.

For a century instruction in English expression and English literature had been centred in the hands of a single individual, the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, a chair endowed by Nicholas Boylston in the year 1771. But just 101 years later Adams Sherman Hill, who had been graduated from Harvard in the same class with President Eliot, was asked by the latter to relinquish his post on The New York Tribune, then under the editorship of Horace Greeley, and come to Cambridge to aid Francis James Child, the Boylston Professor. The predecessors of Professor Child had been John Quincy Adams, Joseph McKean and Edward Tyrel Channing. Le Baron Russell Briggs was to assist Professor Hill. Thus Mr. Briggs forsook the ancients for the moderns—or, at least, for the less ancient—and for more than half a century, the remainder of his teaching years, the instruction he gave was entirely in the fields of English composition and English literature. In 1904 Dean Briggs became Boylston Professor, having been preceded by Professor Hill, who, in turn, had succeeded Child. Last year Mr. Briggs stepped down from the chair, which is now occupied by Charles Townsend Copeland.

When Briggs, the Greek tutor, gave up his classics to assist Mr. Hill, two other men of about the same age as himself were given similar appointments by President Eliot. These two were W. B. Shubrick Clymer and Barrett Wendell. Hill, Briggs and Wendell put the teaching of English on an entirely new basis—the basis of practice. Regular theme work was established, and Barrett Wendell "invented" the daily theme, an exercise which has subsequently been adopted by nearly every college, if not quite every college, in the land. The combined methods of instruction soon became known as "the Harvard system"; and even if it was occasionally objected that the art of writing English could not be "taught" (an objection in which Mr. Wendell for one generally was the first to concur) there was no one but agreed that writing was something that could be practiced. Not yet is every graduate on emergence from college able to spell all words correctly, or in every instance impeccable as to construction; but the general standard of excellence was unquestionably raised by the devotion of these three men to the new cause in academic instruction. Writing of the subject of Dean Briggs's part in the work, Mr. Brown concludes as follows:

> For most men the essence of the course was concentrated in the conferences, which, through some magic, the dean always found time for. Slipped down in one of the chairs by the long table in his office, he went casually through the themes a man had written and talked with intimate earnestness about structure and good taste and stylistic detail. Sometimes a young novelist who had come with a suitcase full of stories, hoping at last to find an appreciator of his genius, talked pleasantly with the dean for a half hour, and then, without telling him that he had ever written stories, decided in the secrecy of his own heart to burn everything he had composed and begin all over again. Sometimes a young poet gained the impression that he was already on the way and needed most of all a hardy self-discipline.
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> And here Mr. Brown has got at the secret of Dean Briggs's power —his ability to penetrate shrewdly and to criticize humanely. Mr. Brown sums it up accurately when he calls it "sensitiveness to the receptive moment."

Just as the transfer from Greek to English had been thrust upon Mr. Briggs, so also was the deanship thrust upon him. The year was 1891, when Briggs was 36 years of age—and back in that far-off period when it was still traditional that an academic office of guardianship should be filled only by one of venerable age, 36 was considered in many quarters as far too young. But President Eliot himself had taken office at the age of 38; and the experiment made by the college had shown excellent results. President Eliot many years afterward gave his reasons for the appointment.

> The appointment [said Dr. Eliot] was not hazardous, although it may have seemed so to any one looking on casually. My information was more complete than any one supposed. I had known his father and his mother; so I was sure his inheritance was sound. I had seen the man himself develop in a few years from a modest tutor to one of the able teachers of the university. I had discovered that he possessed a nigh honesty, a readiness to give himself to others and a certain charming kindliness of character which made men at ease in his presence and encouraged them to be confidential with him. I feel sure, however, that my chief reason for appointing him was this: I had discovered that students were going to him for counsel on every kind of problem, and I thought they might keep on going to him, even if he was dean!

It is not improbable that more than one business man will cut out of the book this prescription for finding the man for the job and tuck it away in the Presidential desk for future reference. And if it reveals the secret of Briggs it reveals the secret of Eliot no less.

But Professor Briggs's mind was not entirely at ease when he learned of his appointment to the dignified office of dean. He went to President Eliot with a confession—he confessed that Charles Scribner's Sons had on their press, and were about to offer to the public, a small book written by himself—a book of charades. The dean of Harvard College billboarded before the country as the author of charades! If Dr. Eliot was somewhat taken aback, he concealed it; and Professor Briggs became the guide of the undergraduates (we refuse to write "warden") and custodian of their futures. Certain parents, no doubt, throughout the country were puzzled at what must have seemed to them a sudden irruption of a dean into trivialities of verse; but the more intelligent found in these delightful whimsicalities the shy revelation of a genial and wholesome mind—in short, just the sort of man with whom they would wish their sons to be in contact. The book ran through a large printing, and no one can deny that for light and airy persiflage the professor-dean had a decided talent. If this is not lyric in its wholly unimportant way, what is it?

If a chicken
Droop and sicken,
Ten to one it has my first.
If a baby
cry, it may be
That my second is the worst
Ill he's heir to;
Yet it's fair to
Question whether is my whole
(Out of season)
Lies the reason
Why his tears defy control.

Yet would Mr. Briggs, careful parent that he was, have allowed a baby an apple, even granting the apple was a pippin?

The next important task undertaken by Dean Briggs at the instigation of President Eliot was the reform of athletics. The year was 1907. The traditional slogan for Harvard men was "to hell with Yale"; and every one knows how jealous Harvard men are of their traditions. Yale responded with the "Undertaker" song. Conditions were not nearly so bad as they had been a decade or so earlier, when at a certain football game with Yale the score was counted—or so it seemed to many to be counted—not in touchdowns but in casualties. But President Eliot, ever an optimist, had arrived at the remarkable conclusion that there could be manners even in athletics and that men could be gentlemen even on the football field. At least he asked Mr. Briggs to look into the matter, which he did. Dean Briggs held conferences with undergraduate leaders, he had informal talks with important personages at Princeton and at Yale. Results showed almost immediately; and today, as all know, when a Harvard man consigns an Eli to perdition he first asks the latter's permission, while the song of the merchant in burials is no longer heard in the land.

The fourth great task placed upon the shoulders of Dean Briggs was more outside of Harvard than inside. Professor Briggs was asked in 1903 to become President of Radcliffe College—that is to say, he was invited to become "part-time" President. The history of Radcliffe among American educational institutions is somewhat unique. Founded in 1879 as the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, it started with an enrolment of two dozen students. Instruction was given by Harvard teachers, with the permission of President Eliot. One of these teachers was the tutor in Greek, Le Baron Russell Briggs. Thus Dean Briggs's affiliations with the girls' school dated from its inception. Of course the incorporate title was too long for anybody to use, and the growing institution of which Mrs. Louis Agassiz was the head was generally spoken of as the Harvard Annex, a not very dignified cognomen. Indeed, the donkey driven about the Harvard yard in the latter years of his life by that alcoholically preserved individual known as John the Orange Man kept alive the name "annex" long after the institution itself had become Radcliffe College. Dean Briggs (he had ceased actually to conduct the dean's office some years before) retired from the Presidency of Radcliffe in 1923. Under him what had begun so humbly as the Society for Collegiate Instruction had grown into an institution of first rank. President Briggs had his own ideas of the education of women, and on occasion he gave expression to them. The function of the woman's college was not, he insisted, to make women like men. Women's colleges, in the opinion of Dean Briggs, should be "training schools for the appreciation of high aims, for efficiency of leadership through the wisdom that is born to her who uses knowledge well."

It is with amazement one reads of the amount of work accomplished by Dean Briggs during his busy years. Apparently not a strong man, yet his was actually the constitution of the hardy settlers from whom he was descended. And if Dean Briggs worked when he worked, he also played when he played. On his Summer estate at Plymouth he tended his vast dahlia gardens, wherein at one time were growing scores of varieties; he tramped with his numerous and faithful dogs, and he rode horses. Moreover, the horses which Dean Briggs mounted were no spiritless beasts; the more restive an animal the better he liked him. And in the months of Fall and

(Continued on Page 19)

Ben Hecht Recovers His Literary Balance

In "Count Bruga" He Fulfills the Promise Displayed In His Early Work

COUNT BRUGA. By Ben Hecht. 314 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

By JOHN W. CRAWFORD

BEN HECHT has come through in "Count Bruga" with the book that must have been in him all the while. It signalizes a mastery of the medium of the novel and an integration of Mr. Hecht's undeniable gifts. "Erik Dorn" was a brilliant and startling literary phenomenon in itself, which nevertheless left a suspicion of insincere overemphasis. "Fantazius Mallâre," "Gargoyle," "Humpty Dumpty," and the rest of the "shocking," "devastating," "alarming" works bore such a slight resemblance to the simplicity, the poignancy, the unforgettable, hard-bitten clarity of Mr. Hecht's earlier short stories that they did not seem to have been written by the same person. In the light of that first promise, the succession of novels and fantasies had to be regarded as magnificent failures.

Now comes "Count Bruga" to justify a stubborn faith in Ben Hecht. Mr. Hecht has not discarded any jot of the fundamental point of view which actuated "Erik Dorn" and the rest. He has not abandoned his virtuosity of language. The satirical intention, which was weakened by subjectivity and overbalanced the structure of "Erik Dorn," has been subordinated to the requirements of his narrative in "Count Bruga." His gaudy metaphors and his extravagant episodes are not isolated in a story with realistic pretensions. He has thrown away the left-handed sentimentality which the forced cynicism of his previous novels revealed; "Count Bruga" is an expression of well-tempered skepticism. The urbane moderation of the language permits the exuberance of Mr. Hecht's fancy and the mordant ferocity of his contempt for sham and mediocrity to receive full value.

"Count Bruga" recounts the mishaps of a mountebank. It is a superb vehicle for Mr. Hecht's paradoxical vision of life. It is also an inspired "thriller." It offers an almost irresistible temptation to Mr. Hecht's recent vice of attempting to match the profusion of his matter with an equal, if not superior, lavishness of language. In fact, Mr. Hecht seems to have returned to a responsible attitude toward words, after sowing his rhetorical wild oats. One of his characters remarks: "But what are words compared to the emotion that kindles them?" The phrase might stand as the author's renewed confession of faith.

Whatever faults Mr. Hecht may have appeared to exhibit, and the faults were disturbingly present in the procession of books, it was never to be doubted that Mr. Hecht was passionately concerned with the mechanism of writing. His very excesses, perhaps, were to be traced to an intemperate belief in the efficiency of words per se. In "Count Bruga" he seems to have conquered form; it is to be hoped the subjugation is permanent.

The device of "Count Bruga" bears a fugitive resemblance to that of "The Late Mattia Pascal," by Luigi Pirandello. Like Pirandello, Mr. Hecht posits a character who overcomes the deficiencies of reality by blotting it out with an illusion, and is able to do so with winnings from the gambling-table. The Count, however, possesses a dauntless imagination, unlike the impoverished mind and the mean spirit of Mattia. The Count survives exposure, ridicule, contumely, and turns them all to his own account. Even in the last extremity of his pretense, he dominates the occasion.

Ben Hecht and Some of the Characters in "Erik Dorn."

From "Literary Lights, a Book of Caricatures," by Gene Markey. (Knopf.)

The affairs of the Count are tangled up with the exploits of a blackguard of a magician named Panini. The unhappy Hippolyt falls in love with the Princess Amelia, the assistant to Panini, who permits herself to be sawed in half, and suspended in the air, and otherwise roughly used, in the "three-a-day." Mr. Hecht establishes a heart-breaking incongruity between the Count's aspiration toward the unreal perfections of Amelia, and his systematically repulsed assaults upon the virtue of more earthly maidens.

Panini's farewell visit to Count Bruga is one of the numerous high spots of the novel. Panini is an Erik Dorn whose conversation has been pared down to decent proportions, and who is exhibited largely through his impact upon the other characters. The influence of Panini is delightfully incredible. He interferes with the staid course of a bourgeois marriage; he commits a singular crime against a smug and harmless, yet poisonous, professor of Latin. He hoodwinks the police and badgers the Count. He sets a little coterie of cabalists, dabblers in the leavings of eighteenth century magic, by the ears. He does all this from the wrong side of the grave, so to speak.

The murder mystery connected with the death of Panini sets loose lively inventions, arresting epigrams, ludicrous incongruities. Mr. Hecht keeps the reader on the jump. From the moment that a trunk in Panini's apartment is lifted by movers, and a gun goes off, anything is accepted. The body of Panini is discovered, elaborately trussed, strangled, with a gun in the dead hand. He has been dead for three hours and the police are so annoyed by the discharge of the pistol by a dead man that they scarcely have time to think about catching the murderer, if any.

At the point when the apathetic and philosophical police sergeant is sitting in Panini's apartment, planning, for the steenth time, the form for his resignation from the force, Count Bruga is brought in by two flat-footed detectives. Mr. Hecht knows his police, and has drawn amiably malicious portraits of these three guardians of law and order. Count Bruga has come with the express purpose of strangling Panini for concealing Amelia's whereabouts. He is deeply offended to find Panini already dead, although Panini had warned him of just this contingency. A rival of Panini's, one Sarastro, is already in the room, to harass the wretched detective with the contention that the ostensible body is merely a clever illusion left by Panini.

The reader is so completely under the spell of the legendary Panini that he is almost inclined to believe that the matter-of-fact policemen, the medical examiner, and the poet are actually bewitched. As it develops, Panini has laid them under enchantment. Before they are set free of their delusion, however, the innocuous Professor Oliver Winterbottom is subjected to all manner of evil usage. He is locked up for two months, and his wife, whose name is also Amelia, is pilloried in the press as a marvel of duplicity in a love triangle. Panini, of course, is the acute angle. Corroboration of the triangle is furnished by young Rufus Chittering, heir to millions, who has set himself up as a private detective. He offers proof that he was hired by Winterbottom to shadow his wife and Panini. The dead magician's desk is filled with love letters from Amelia Winterbottom. And the police pessimistically listen to Oliver's protestations of innocence, and conclude that he will get out by pleading insanity. They observe that he is the first criminal they ever hated. His obvious innocence is interpreted as peculiarly cold-blooded depravity.

Through all this the Count takes his oblivious course, now bent on finding Amelia, now concerned with business-like propositions to outraged maidens. Mr. Hecht is thoroughly objective, but his sardonic laughter at the antics of his characters is never long absent. He is not always amused, however. In spite of his detachment, he is involved; his hard, keen-edged satire is strictly impartial, and does not favor even Mr. Hecht. Particularly in the matter of the grotesque yet appealing Count, there is an undercurrent of pathos and wistfulness. These new characters of Mr. Hecht's are independent, lively creatures. They have none of the docile submissiveness of his earlier puppets. It is to them, perhaps, as well as to the skillfully proportioned story, that credit is due for the excellence of "Count Bruga."

Gorgeous Panoply of the British Life Guards

THE DRESS OF THE FIRST REGIMENTS OF LIFE GUARDS IN THREE CENTURIES. By U. H. R. Broughton (late First Life Guards). 35 pp. Eighty plates, of which half are in color. London: Halton & Truscott Smith, Ltd. Edition limited to 300 copies.

FROM 1670 to the present day the Life Guards have protected the person of every British sovereign from Old Rowley to George V and have provided the London novelist with a ready-made character, which in the pages of Ouida has delighted the shop-girl of successive generations. Mr. Broughton is not concerned with anything so effete as literature; he sings of the panoply of the man-at-arms.

Such enthusiasm for the niceties of military tailoring might appear a task of supererogation, but there is no doubt that to the author it has been a serious and absorbing task; and the publishers have produced a volume that is typographically refreshing, substantial and attractive in binding and format. The prints which make up the greater part of the book are of peculiar interest, and present contemporary pictures of the Horse Guards, from the "Officer in 1670 Dress, Holding Feathered Hat and Bowing," by C. Clark, to the water color by the Earl of Ypres, showing "King's Guard Coming Down the Mall (Winter)" of 1923.

The interest of these prints carries the reader outside of the ostensible subject. The author suggests the relation of war to civil fashions. After the wars against Napoleon dandyism in England was at its apogee. The efflorescence of the '60s succeeded the Crimean conflict, and after the South African War there was a concerted effort to substitute blue and claret for the black of the conventional dress suit.

Indeed, the scarlet and gold of the Guards was in itself a reaction from the dun of the Commonwealth period in England. The result has been three centuries of vivid military uniform in the crops de'élite of the British Army. At late as 1882, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Life Guards took the field in Egypt decked out in the traditional scarlet, and their magnificence was such that

The Shah of Persia in 1889 offered to buy the escort which met him on landing at Westminster, en bloc, officers, men and horses, and transport them back to Persia.

An organization which could impress the florid Oriental taste must be indeed like the King's daughter, all glorious without.

At any rate, in 1678, when the King's, the Duke of York's and the Duke of Albemarle's Troops of Horse Guards—collectively known as the Life Guards—were in their youth, this was what they wore:

(1) A low-crowned, broad-brimmed, iron pistol-proof helmet adorned with a plume, also hats adorned with a profusion of plumes falling down the back.

(2) A cuirass consisting of back and breast pieces made of pistol-proof armour.

(3) A coat of scarlet, the old Royal colour, which reappeared at the Restoration, with gold lace trimmings, the sleeves being wide and slashed, with lace upon them; very broad white collars covered the neck and part of the shoulders, and a scarlet silk sash went around the waist, elaborately fringed in the case of officers.

(4) A loose red cloak with a small cape attached.

(5) Breeches of buff leather.

(6) Buff boots, soon exchanged for stiffer black jack-boots, so called because they were made of "jacked-leather."

(7) Large gauntlet gloves of buff leather, those of the officers being trimmed with lace.

(8) Canes or staves.

With a very few minor changes, such as the substitution of pipe-clay for buff of gloves and breeches, the present uniform of the Guards is virtually the same as it was in the time of Charles II. As for dandyism, when George I attempted to supply the Guards with coarse linen shirts imported from Germany, the Guards rebelled and publicly burned their shirts at Whitehall.

The basic significance of this book is that of the regimental traditions which are the backbone of the morale of the British Army. In this sense, the author very sensibly concludes his brief essay with the following observation:

When everything is changing and every one a reformer for better or worse, one remembers with justifiable pride that the Life Guards have been on protective duty in the same place and in more or less the same manner for over 260 years; through the war as in peace there still stood before the gates of the Horse Guards, which mark one of the King's great highways, the two mounted sentries—generally in the persons of wounded warriors who had not carried the sword in vain—drawn from the soldiers who are at once the gentlemen of the Life Guards and the personal servants of the Sovereign.

A Captain and His Two Subs.

SALLIES OF NOTED HUMORIST FALL ON STONY GROUND

A Selectman in a Rural Audience Came Up and Thanked Dr. Holmes Warmly for His Lecture and Remarked: "Some of the Things You Said Were So Funny That It Was All We Could Do Not to Laugh."

"After Noon" and Other Recent Works of Fiction

***AFTER NOON.* By Susan Ertz. 338 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.**

SUSAN ERTZ, author of "Madame Claire," has written another fine novel. It cannot be said that her new book is as distinguished a piece of writing as her first one, but in some ways it is more enjoyable. "After Noon" has the conventional characteristics of a best seller: it is optimistic, a bit sentimental and most sympathetic in its treatment, it makes slight demands upon the intellect, and it is easy to read. But it is a best seller honestly written by a thoroughly competent craftsman. If the author does occasionally give way to sentimentality, it is because of her unrestrained sympathy for the people about whom she is writing; the integrity with which she records their psychology saves her work from ever becoming sloppy. "After Noon" is a delicate and subtle study of a man who combines the intellectual honesty and frankness of the modern world with the courtesy and the thoughtfulness and the patience of the age that is past. Charles Lester, the hero of the book, is a refined and, perhaps, oversensitive creature; the tone of the novel is in keeping with his character. It is subdued but not depressed, introspective but never morbid, honest yet not belligerent.

In her choice of characters the author has maintained a fine balance. Charles, sensitive, tolerant and considerate, marries a vigorous, somewhat coarse woman whose aim in life is the enjoyment of all possible sensations. For a time she exploits Charles's delicacy and, having exhausted this novelty, she leaves him and the twin daughters who have been born to them. There is a pleasing contrast in the characters of the daughters. Venetia is an attractive, sensitive, gracious girl whose self-confidence gives her poise and charm; her sister, Caroline, is austere and aloof, always desiring to startle people with her honesty, her modernism and the clarity and penetration of her mind. The girls marry masculine counterparts of themselves. Toward the end of the book Charles finds as a second wife the exact opposite of his first one, an American woman who is considerate and cultured and sympathetic. Each one of these persons is a type, but, despite that, each one is real and living and individual. Except for Caroline and her Socialist husband, the characters have decided personal charm and magnetism.

Charles Lester is a most engaging and lovable character. By nature most open and friendly, the harrowing experience of his early marriage causes him to shut himself off from wide human acquaintanceship; his social life is largely devoted to the education of his daughters. He is never cynical, but he grows to distrust all sentiment and emotion. His easy-going sympathy and tolerance are well brought out in this passage:

> Charles was not at all a handsome man, a fact which he spent no time in regretting. He had an alert, amused look, and it was easy to see that he had never, in spite of his forty-two years, taken himself too seriously. He had almost no vanity and considered himself an ugly fellow, but didn't care because of his conviction that looks were of no importance in men and of theoretical unimportance in women. He distrusted sentiment; he distrusted bombast or any utterances of a high moral tone; he even, at times, distrusted beauty. He was of so generous and open a mind, however, that he was not sure that he ought to be glad that he distrusted these things. Except where cruelty or injustice was concerned, he was incapable of moral indignation.

As his daughters grew up Charlie's life glides into a smooth and pleasant channel; their family relations are quite perfect, and his other activities are enjoyable. He is a chartered accountant and, still distrustful of the fickleness of human contacts, he derives great satisfaction from "the certainty and the changelessness and the honest inviolability of numbers." His leisure time is taken up in compiling an anthology of prose. His peaceful life is suddenly threatened with disaster when, without warning, his daughters decide to marry. It is in describing this greatest crisis in Charles's life that the author achieves her height. Delicately yet surely she shows how easy it would be for Charles virtually to cease to live after the marriage of his daughters. Had he, after their departure from home, continued his former life, he would soon have lost his spirit and his zest. Recognizing this, he forces himself to master his shyness and his dread of emotion. In the end he marries, most happily.

The last part of the book is quite powerful in its sympathy and its penetration. In it one feels thankful that Susan Ertz is an optimist. It would have been so easy—and so much in keeping with "modern" literature—to have pictured the gradual disintegration of Charles after the marriage of his daughters. Such a conclusion might easily have been heralded as "true" and "powerful," but it would have lacked the honesty and the depth of the present ending. In an age when bizarre and even repulsive characters are the fashion in fiction it is a relief to find an author whose feeling for people, while penetrating, is kindly and sympathetic. Where many authors add only to our knowledge of human beings, Susan Ertz adds also to our list of pleasant friends.

SMALL-TOWN ROMANCE

***THE OLD HOME TOWN.* By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.**

DESERTING New York and the past century, Mr. Rupert Hughes has chosen a little town on the banks of the Mississippi River for the scene of his latest novel and the early part of the twentieth century for its period. The action all takes place in "the old home town" of Carthage, a dull little place in which there were no wealthy people and no one who was of any particular importance. But there was one woman who studied the "society columns" in the New York newspapers, had social ambitions and did her very best to create a society where none existed. Then there was in Carthage a family of four children, three of whom were more or less remarkable, and a girl who was a beauty. The great dream of the town had long been the possibility of building a dam and so utilizing the water power. "For Carthage climbs up a steep cliff of limestone, one vast agglomeration of shells and fossils, packed hard enough to shunt the river off into a semicircle, a glorious sweep of water." At different times the dream seemed about to be realized: "Promoters went to Congress with schemes and came away with franchises. They translated these into real estate booms," which presently collapsed, and left the people of Carthage poorer than ever.

The opening of the story is promising, and the position of the young lawyer, Nelson Webb, prosecuting a murderer in defiance of that murderer's friends, who have threatened to kill him if he obtains a conviction, promises drama and an interesting development. But Nelson Webb speedily vanishes from the scene, the leading character of the book being his son, Benjamin, known as Ben. Ben becomes a plumber; he has, we are told, a great aptitude for mechanics, and his grammar is so faulty it is quite evident that his character must be faultless, abuse of the king's English being, in fiction of this type, the infallible sign of a truly pure and noble spirit. From boyhood Ben adores Odalea Lail, the beauty of Carthage, daughter of poverty-stricken parents and niece of Mrs Budlong. Various young men presently appear upon the scene, "the true end, sole and single," of whose existence is to keep Ben and Odalea apart through as many pages as possible by making ardent love to her. She does not seem attractive to the reader, but no doubt her lure lay in the beauty which Mr. Hughes assures us that she possessed in abundance.

Of course these suitors are unsuccessful, and of course the dam is finally built. Like all dams in fiction, and many in fact, it narrowly escapes destruction, the most interesting part of the book being that which described the struggle to save it, for often as such scenes have been pictured, they never lose their power to thrill. Ben seizes the opportunity thus offered to rescue no less than two of his rivals from expiring in a moist, chilly and generally unpleasant manner.

The town of Carthage never becomes a real place to the reader, and Ben and Odalea are mere stock figures of fiction. The nearest approach to a live human being the book contains is Mrs. Budlong, who "thought in dinners and calculated by receptions." She enjoyed nothing quite as much as she did marrying off the girls of Carthage, especially to young men from elsewhere. Her own husband she tolerated only "because he was in the know and loved to bring home the cruel gossip, backbiting and tattle-tale treachery that flourish in the male world of business." But though Mrs. Budlong was a self-seeking snob, she gave the whole town some of the stimulus it so desperately needed; "Mrs. Budlong was one of the most inspiring figures in Carthage. Nobody liked her and she really liked nobody, yet she kept the lazy inhabitants squirming with a rancorous eagerness for success." Unfortunately, Mr. Hughes has given her comparatively little of the space with which he is ultra-lavish to all his other characters.

The novel is very long, very heavily padded, and for the most part very dull. The scene of Mrs. Webb's death might be moving were there less of it, but Mr. Hughes lays his pathos on, not merely with a trowel, but in great shovelsful, so that sympathy quickly turns to boredom. There are very many technical descriptions of the building of the dam, concerning whose accuracy only an engineer would be competent to express an opinion.

A COCKNEY IN CANADA

***DELIGHT.* By Maso de la Roche. 232 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.**

IN "Delight" Miss de la Roche has provided a love story conventional to the point of burlesque, but she has also provided compensation in humor, characterization and hilarious events. It is a short book, dealing with Delight Mainprize, a beautiful young English waitress who has crossed to Canada to work in a small Canadian hotel. Her superlative beauty immediately marks her out, winning the admiration of the men and the animosity of the women, and Delight is nobody to pass up its advantages. A little Cockney young enough to be in certain respects naïve, yet class-typical enough to have few illusions, she is more than willing to be the centre of attraction for the men around her, to be flirtatious and take their gifts, and yet to give them nothing in return save what she cares to. Though appearances are sometimes against her, she is a "good" girl; and she is too independent to want to marry. Jimmy Sykes, a very appealing young fellow and her nicest suitor, cannot force her to exchange friendship for matrimony, till at length they quarrel.

Just at that point she gives the jealous women about her their opportunity to get even. Out of sorts after quarreling with Jimmy, she steps into the hotel manager's room to see some curios and is found there by the implacable housekeeper, Mrs. Jessop, who has more than an eye on the manager herself. Mrs. Jessop shows the "baggage" no quarter; out she must go, out of town at 5 the next morning. But she misses her train, and before she can take another one is caught up in an unreal but very humorous adventure. She is hired as berry picker by a stingy old couple on a farm, who have quarreled with their son across the road and really want, in revenge, a wife for their foster son. By the time Delight realizes the truth about the unattractive young fellow she has barely time to escape to town. There she learns that Jimmy has gone off in search of her, and there she starts working in the rival hotel of the Duke of York. And then comes a richly preposterous climax; she is lured on false pretenses to a suburban lake, stripped there and beaten by a crowd of jealous townswomen, three times ducked in the lake and stranded on the other side. Her admiring townsmen come to the rescue, to meet with a shower of bricks from their ladies; and the farce outdoes itself when Jim turns up in the nick of time.

In certain respects the story belongs on a low plane of literature; it is episodic and poorly contrived, it is indifferently written and much of it is frankly impossible. But Miss de la Roche has in her much humor and a little malice which turn the course of the book away from virtuous romance toward rather pungent comedy. Her people, from Delight down, though imperfect as flesh and blood, have many of humanity's least desirable aspects. The sly, malicious Duncan Kirke, with his imperturbable way of starting trouble, is particularly well done. So is Mrs. Jessop. Delight herself, though an admirable centrum for the story, is a hazy heroine compounded of beauty and independence. But gentle, lovable Jimmy has real charm. The book is unambitious, it seeks little more than to amuse, and for the most part forces sentiment, with its danger of sentimentality, to keep its distance. After the humorous climax by the lake, it achieves a well-earned happy ending and most sensibly stops.

HISTORICAL ROMANCE

***SPANISH FAITH.* By Francis R. Bellamy. 378 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.**

TREACHERY, or Spanish faith as together with Carthaginian faith it has long been dubbed in irony, motivates the plot of this novel to as large a degree as its title suggests. It is a story, decorously issued at this time of season, which is set in the period of a hundred years ago, and told in the first person by the likable if quite customary hero of the piece. Roger Buchanan, a young American released from Dartmoor Prison at the end of the War of 1812, learns from his uncle's lawyer in England that he is heir to a treasure buried somewhere in New Spain before his uncle was murdered in a conspiracy of greed. Roger, as befitted a dead shot, a good swordsman, a good horseman and a lover of adventure, quickly fell in with the idea of going after it.

At once adventures began, with full need for his ability as a shot, swordsman and rider to stand him in good stead. First a chance meeting with a young Spanish girl, niece to

the Marquis-Governor of New Spain, who proved later to be Roger's deadliest enemy; and at once love sprang full grown from the head of romance. Then embarkation in a ship bound for the New World, and so rapid a succession of adventures that it profits the reader nothing to have them described, and serves better only to say that Roger's bravery wins him rewards in love and fortune. If, as some one said, "The Gay Lord Quex" spends half its story getting Quex into a boudoir and half of it getting him out, "Spanish Faith" might be described in a phrase as spending half its story getting Roger into Mexico City and half of it getting him out. There are villains and spies, dragoons and lawyers, plots, receptions and murders, and a fine companion for Roger, to stand by him through thick and thin.

Mr. Bellamy has written a story of very familiar pattern, thriving on coincidence and improbability, moving at double-quick time, which on occasion turns into a forced march, but by no means not entertaining. For one thing, the background of Mexico and the region around the Caribbean of a hundred years ago have been less exploited in romance than most other sections of the earth's surface; and for another, in allowing his story of a century ago to be told in the first person without any lugging in of an apologetic lost manscript or discovered diary to account for the fact, the author lends a certain personality to the hero and a certain vividness to the tale. The heroine is really agreeable and the villains all that can be desired. In addition, the book is well written, with a slight flavor of the period in which it is set. One might say that "Spanish Faith" is a little higher in standard than the average romance; or more accurately, since the standard seems to be uniformly improving nowadays, that it is just pleasantly up to the average.

ENGLISH-CANADIANS

DUSK OF DAY. By Catherine Clark. 331 pp. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

IT is rare, nowadays, to find a novel without a single reference to the war, to flappers, jazz or gin. Catherine Clark's "Dusk of Day," which falls under this heading, is a refreshing literary drink of cool spring water after an indulgence in some of the headachey synthetic cocktails of modern fiction. And, yet, there is nothing thin or emasculated in "Dusk of Day." A wholesome English-Canadian tale, it lacks neither clever imbroglio nor tense situations. What in some writer's hands might have degenerated into melodrama, here retains a perspective of plausible reality.

The characters are ordinary human beings with the reactions of normal men and women who smile and weep, love and hate, not because of some mysterious Freudian complex at the root of their emotions; but because, with them, logical effect follows logical cause. The chief defect of the book is the rather redundant dialogue, for, in real life, people seldom talk in lengthy paragraphs. This garrulity has a tendency to blur the naturalness which, otherwise, is the major charm of the novel.

Sir Richard Adair has two sons, Peter and Michael, the younger of whom he loves with a tenderness that is in strange contrast to his dislike for Peter. This unnatural preference is the result of an unreasonable jealousy that surges over him when he first witnesses his wife's love and pride in her first-born baby. Sir Richard's is the type of love, imperious, intolerant, exacting, that destroys its own object. There is something in it from which his wife shrinks; jealousy, suspicion, and, above all, a kind of terrible tyranny, that selfish craving for complete possession that would make a slave of her, leaving her no secret corner of her mind to call her own.

It happens that when, through a tragic accident, Peter is the unwitting cause of making Michael a hopeless cripple for life, Sir Richard's hatred of his eldest son bursts out with increased fury. He deliberately pampers and humors Michael until the latter becomes an insufferable whining hypochondriac who exacts from his brother every possible ounce of self-abnegation and sacrifice as a compensation for his own broken body.

When they grow up, Peter and Michael both fall in love with Theo Vaughan, a distant relative of their mother, who is brought up in the Adair household. Theo cares only for Peter and has reason to believe that her affection is returned, when Peter suddenly sails for Canada without having declared his suit. Michael, naturally, is at the bottom of his brother's mysterious expatriation.

On the Canadian farm where he is employed, Peter meets Judy O'Grady, a very beautiful girl, but one swayed entirely by her impulses and incapable either of subterfuge or self-control. She falls madly in love with Peter and makes no secret of her infatuation. Believing that he has no chance with Theo he turns to Judy in his loneliness. He nearly yields to the terrific force that drives him toward the girl with the relentlessness that only nature possesses. Thinking that Theo does not care for him, he is tempted by Judy "with her little loving ways, her clinging arms, her sweet red mouth; Judy with her slumbrous, half-closed eyes and her soft, passionate body."

But in the end he understands that such a love is nothing but dross and no more than a barren land, full of the rankest weeds of physical desire. This type of story of necessity must have a happy ending. The only lasting heartbreak is that of Judy who, loving much, forgives much, and, in renunciation, ultimately achieves peace of mind.

SPIRITUALISTIC FICTION

THE LAND OF MIST. By A. Conan Doyle. 279 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

IT was inevitable that sooner or later Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's spiritualistic obsession would crop out in his fiction. He has already written a half dozen volumes on the occult, treating it much in the popular "feature" article manner of everyday journalism. Now, however, he attempts to join his superb gifts as a writer of straightforward narrative with his fervent and all-consuming psychic beliefs. And that attempt, "The Land of Mist," shows the union to be fatal to the former. As in the case of most thesis stories, the thesis dominates; the story manages somehow or other to get lost. While, of course, the practiced hand is everywhere in evidence, one misses the old verve of the prose. Gone is the onward sweep of incident piled on incident that vitalized each page of "The White Company" and "The Hound of the Baskervilles." And in its place we find wordy expositions, descriptive of the this and that of spiritualistic phenomena. Sir Arthur may fancy himself dressed in the robes of a prophet, but readers will prefer him without question in the workaday tweeds of the honest-to-goodness story-teller.

What of narrative thread "The Land of Mist" boasts concerns the investigations of two London journalists in the realm of the occult. The two, Enid Challenger and Edward Malone, do not belong to the rudely inquisitive psychic researchers, with whom Sir Arthur has small patience, but possess what William James would call "the will to believe." Accordingly the author directs them in turn to public spiritualistic services, private seances, to the homes of professional mediums, and so on. These educational trips he depicts for the most part objectively, in reportorial fashion, and lets most of the informative discourse proceed naturally enough from the lips of his characters. Thus he dramatizes, for instance, his criticism of the attitude of British common law toward the occult by showing its workings in a scene set in a London police court. A professional medium, introduced as hard-working and sincere, falls into a trap set by two routine police-women and is prosecuted under the Vagrancy act of 1824, drawn up originally to protect the countryside from lawless gypsies.

One prime virtue of the present book's technique is its deftness in argumentative method. One by one Sir Arthur takes the sharp weapons of adversaries of his cause and seeks to blunt their points. The obvious ridicule he takes up and treats tactfully and good-humoredly. He concerns himself chiefly with the sane reactions to spiritualism of the open-minded average man, who considers that "some of it is ludicrous, some of it might be dishonest, and • • • some of it is clearly wonderful." He foresees and answers that average individual's normal and inevitable questions. Why are seances carried on in darkness if free from fake? And the author replies, for purely chemical reasons, "like the darkness of the photographic room." It preserves the delicate physical substance drawn from the human body which is the basis of the phenomena. He uses this question and answer method extensively and gives the novel an added academic air by adding an appendix which indicates the bibliography on the subject, and cites the actual cases in some instances on which the author has based this fictional presentation. Nor is he averse to having a little fun at the expense of the medium himself. In fact, he seizes remorselessly on many of their platitudinous outpourings. One interesting phase touched on was the anxiety of perturbed spirits to be heard, an anxiety which oftentimes caused them to forget the proprieties of well-bred spookdom and to tread on each other's spiritual toes in the rush for expression. Sir Arthur says of one medium endeavoring to preserve an air of decorum in a group of restless souls that "she was like a janitor at the theatre marshaling a queue."

Unfortunately, yet perhaps inevitably, the characters of "The Land of Mist" are scarcely more than props for Sir Arthur's propaganda. Yet one of them, at least, the big-game hunting Lord Roxton, shows in every turn of him the creator-power of the author's master hand. According to this noble lord, returning after a series of surprising Alpine ascents: "Top of the Alps is becomin' a perfect bear garden. Short of Everest, there don't seem to be any decent privacy left."

IN THE WHEAT BELT

PINE CREEK RANCH. By Harold Bindloss. 314 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

HAROLD BINDLOSS, one of our most voluminous authors of the familiar Western novel, has this time selected for his plot the fate of a young woman, Helen, from the factories of Manchester, England, who comes to the Canadian wheat belt on a somewhat unusual adventure.

A bachelor named Spiers, the story runs, owns a run-down and heavily mortgaged farm in the wheat region. When he is drunk—which is often—Spiers has a habit of writing to England for a wife. To his surprise one of his letters bears fruit in the form of Helen, the adventuress. Helen is thrifty and has a good deal of spunk. Handling Spiers with considerable tact, she sets out to make a man of him and a profit out of the farm.

Her neighbors are the Elliots, George and Lawrence, brothers, and their sister. Lawrence is invited to England by a wealthy uncle to learn the manufacturing business; but while he is gone, George, who is a good farmer but poor manager, nearly allows the farm to slip into the hands of one Ogilvie, a near-by wheat grower of rather unscrupulous character, who is aching to get possession of all the surrounding farmsteads. He is planning to make a fortune in large-scale farming. Lawrence therefore returns to Canada with money borrowed from the uncle, to see if he can't hold the farm. He is in love with Ogilvie's daughter, Margaret.

So there is Spiers and his wife, Lawrence and Margaret, and Ogilvie, the bad actor. If Spiers and Lawrence can raise one good crop of wheat they will thwart Ogilvie's designs. They succeed, despite prairie fire, labor troubles, personal shortcomings and the danger of having opposed the law to protect a man unfairly accused of murder. Spiers becomes a good farmer and learns to love Helen; Ogilvie is defeated and turns over a new leaf, and Margaret and Lawrence plan their wedding.

IN MONTE CARLO

BLACK INCENSE. By A. M. Williamson. 281 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

IT is difficult to write convincing fiction concerned with Monte Carlo. The presence of the Casino and the universal lust of gambling are such dynamic elements that they distort most attempts to study the finer points of human nature when the latter is silhouetted against so garish a background. Mrs. Williamson has escaped this blight, and by pinning her interest on the characters and taking the roulette wheel with a salty philosophy convinces the reader, where Mr. Oppenheim, for instance, merely excites.

The eight short stories in the present volume are based upon the two generalities: "Anything can happen in Monte Carlo, and most things do"; and "There is always a reason behind the reason why people go to Monte Carlo and stay there." With the transients who visit the magnificent establishment of the Société des Bains de Mer de Monte Carlo—where the bathing suits are barred as a tenue de sport unworthy of the Salle Schmidt—as with the professional gamblers, Mrs. Williamson is not concerned. Neither is she interested in international intrigue, or crime, for its own sake. She is interested in the exceptional people—the gamblers in life, rather than the gamblers in money.

There is an element of recklessness in some people for which gambling is the only sedative. These are not the players of systems nor the merely dishonest, neither the fools nor the knaves. Such exceptional characters find a suitable background only in such places as the Casino, and it is from this point of view that Mrs. Williamson discusses them. They are not colorful because they are in Monte Carlo, but they come to Monte Carlo because they are colorful. Thus their actions arise from their characters, which makes Mrs. Williamson's romantic little narratives artistically sound.

But her stories are unaffectedly romantic, let there be no doubt of that. Love triumphs, the right side wins, and the evil are punished. If it isn't true to life, it's still very nice for hammock reading to learn that in the title story Dick Waring abandons the love of his life in order to reunite Jim Jaffray to his Mona. If "A Love Story in Monte Carlo" ends sadly, one may be sure that its tragedy is sentimental. If Eugene Sandland's wife, Florence, has become "all bust and pearls," the reader rejoices with him to discover that Bob Seymour, whom Eugene had "cut out" long ago, treasures her memory in an idyllic fashion. If Philomene Rossini finds that her darling Mame van Alten is miserable, one may be sure that the resolute French modiste finds a way to rescue Jack Cabell from Countess Irma Pesterhasy. When Major Bill Le Breton meets Hattie Belle Wadsworth it is dollars to doughnuts that he soon forgets Elizabeth Ashton, the daughter of the English Cabinet Minister, who threw him over for Prince Paul Paliesco. Even the diamond necklace which Hattie Belle lost was only paste. When the Duchess from Salteye, Nev., finds that the heir of Lord Montcalm is being done to death in an unspeakably ingenious manner, she is able not only to rescue him but to provide him with a safe wife in the shape of Minnie Alexander, another Salteye specimen.

Even if Ruth goes to the French penal colony of New Caledonia, she is happy in the knowledge that all has ended well and that love's labor is not lost—and the public will doubtless share her reaction to the book as a whole. There is a freshness and humor about these stories of Monte Carlo which will appeal to the lazy afternoons of Summer; there is nothing in them which will raise the temperature or shock the taste of the most exacting. "Black Incense" is a neat bit of professional fiction by a woman who observes life and retells it with a quiet sense of its humors and nuances.

BUCOLIC MORONS

INNOCENT BIRDS. By T. F. Powys. 280 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THEODORE F. POWYS, that industrious portrayer of the British peasantry, has added another to his increasing list of bucolics. The title of the book is "Innocent Birds"—and there is a deal of innocence between the front cover and the back one even if there is little, except in a symbolic way, about birds. Perhaps one is to take the word in the sense now given it in the American vernacular, although we doubt if Mr. Powys was aware of this usage.

Yes, there is a deal of innocence between the covers of the book. If Mr. Powys is to be believed, then the simplicity of the English peasant is beyond belief. Perhaps it is. Only one who is acquainted intimately with pastoral England has the right to say. Yet credulity is stretched a little by the general degree of idiocy displayed in Powys's stories. The farming population of whatever country is, in the very nature of things, nearer the soil and further from the school than the city population, and perhaps it is neither sound nor just to compare the European tillers of the earth with the independent American farmer, living as the two do under totally different social systems. However, not even our most relentless writer on the derelictions of American rural communities has ever brought the percentage of morons up to the figures attained by Powys for his English thorps and crofts. And we doubt if the English figures are anywhere near as great as they appear to be from his stories. A reader, nevertheless, may not quarrel with his author. As an artist Powys has the same right to his premises as has the logician, and the only way to deal with his story, if it is to be enjoyed, is to grant the characters, not question them.

The books that Mr. T. F. Powys writes are not novels, except in the broader meaning of the word. There is little that may be called plot; in "Innocent Birds" there is nothing that may be called plot. The author is a chronicler, the naturalist who has collected the various specimens to be found in a certain region, and, after mounting them on a suitable background, left them on display. This is a peculiar Powys trait—complete indifference to either praise or blame.

Since "Innocent Birds" is a chronicle there is no story that must not be revealed. There is the usual population of a Powys bucolic—shepherds, farmers, the landlord of an inn, the postboy, the rector of the parish, the grave-digger. There are

(Continued on Page 16)

From the Jacket Design for "Spanish Faith," by Francis R. Bellamy.

(Harper & Bros.)

Balzac's Rash Romance Darkened His Death-bed

Evidence Now Revealed in New Documents Leaves Little Doubt of His Wife's Culpability

Balzac on His Death-bed.

From a Pastel by Eugene Giraud.

EVE DE BALZAC, d'après des documents inédits, par Charles Léger. Le Goupy, Paris.

By EDITH VALERIO

THAT it is not the woman of high moral virtues who has aroused the deepest passions in men of genius, is an indisputable fact, which probably has some physiological, if not ethical, justification. The love of Balzac for Mme. de Hanska orl'Etrangère, as she first made herself known to him, is one of many instances. For, if we are to believe the latest relations concerning her, it was in base coin that the lady paid a love, as mighty as his own genius, that Balzac devoted to her. To dispel the glamour that, for an uninformed public, has so long glorified the personality of Eve de Balzac and expose it to the revealing light of prosaic fact has been the purpose of M. Charles Léger in the attractively presented little volume entitled "Eve de Balzac." To the damaging testimonies, emanating from such trustworthy sources as Victor Hugo, Henri Bordeaux, M. de Spoelberch de Louvenjoul, the author has added new and confirmative facts established with a chronological accuracy hitherto lacking, in the face of which, the defense of Mme. de Hanska's apologists crumbles into the golden dust of illusion. Just how far this defense fails to exonerate her may be judged by confronting it with the results of M. Léger's investigations.

It is generally known that Balzac's acquaintance with his future wife was the outcome of a correspondence, initiated by herself in 1832, when, as the young wife of a wealthy Polish landowner and already the mother of five children (of whom four died in infancy), she wrote to Balzac, expressing her admiration for his genius; that Balzac, whose curiosity was aroused by the style of the letter, which stamped the writer as a woman of distinction, and by the mystery of her incognita and foreign origin, replied, and that the correspondence which resulted led to a mutual desire for personal acquaintanceship. Their first meeting took place at Neuchâtel, where Mme. de Hanska, with her husband and child, was staying in 1833. Balzac was then 33, some seven years older than herself. The constant presence of her husband allowed of little opportunity for the exchange of confidences, but a second meeting, arranged a few months later at Geneva, confirmed a passion which, it was agreed, should be consecrated by marriage, whenever the death of M. de Hanski (now in the sixties) should leave the way open. Balzac's letters, from this time forth, leave no doubt as to the character of their intimacy. M. de Hanski, whether through overconfidence in his young wife's virtue and religious principles or through a complaisant discretion, never disturbed, by his suspicions or interference, her friendship with the writer, something which certain of Balzac's letters to her, which fell into his hands, might well have justified. After his decease, in 1841, the marriage, so eagerly desired by Balzac, was postponed upon repeated pretexts from Mme. de Hanska, until within a few months of his own death in 1850.

All these years Balzac was accomplishing gigantic literary efforts to liquidate his debts—his editors taking advantage of his pecuniary difficulties to obtain works at a minimum price—preserving to her, meanwhile, his unalloyed allegiance, in spite of prolonged separations and protracted meetings abroad—the latter at severe expense and loss of time to himself. Yet Mme. de Hanska, a free woman and mistress of a large fortune, withheld the moral and practical aid which, as his wife, she might have brought him. His letters during these nine years indicate that her exactions and constant jealousy were a disturbing element in their correspondence. Her own letters had been destroyed and, in the words of Henri Bordeaux, "our ignorance of her answers protects her, as the accused criminal is protected by doubt. Yet, these so-called love letters of Balzac actually provide an indictment against herself. * * * In one year Balzac had written Le Père Goriot, Mémoires de deux jeunes mariés, Cesar Birotteau, besides several philosophical and moral studies, and this Polish popinjay asks him: 'What are you doing?'" As for his assumed infidelities, which he so tenderly disclaimed, it is generally conceded that Balzac was not a man addicted to amorous exploits. George Sand, who was certainly an expert on such questions, averred that his habitual life was that of an anchorite, and that, in spite of his having written "Les contes droiatiques" and the "Physiologie du mariage," there was more of a Benedictine than a Rabelaisian in his composition.

The real tragedy of Balzac's love story, however, was reserved for the final scene of his life, and it is here that M. Léger's disclosures assume a particular interest. The homecoming after his marriage, celebrated in Mme. de Hanska's own country, was signalized by a dramatic episode. Arriving at night in Paris, they found his house in the Rue Fortunée all lighted up, but no one to respond to their summons. A locksmith having been called, and an entrance effected, they were met by the man servant, completely insane and incoherent. Balzac's health was now seriously impaired and "belied his belief," says M. Léger, "based on his strong constitution, in a miracle, or at least a static condition, whereas it was the decline. He believed in love, this visionary, and he died, his ideals shattered, his heart torn. Shortly after the death of M. de Hanski, he had written these prophetic lines in "Albert Savarus" (a romance based chiefly upon his own love story):

To reach the goal expiring, like the Greek runner of old; to see fortune and death arrive on the threshold hand in hand; to win the woman he loves at the moment love has died out; to have lost the faculty of enjoyment when he has earned the right to live happily—of how many men, alas! has this been the fate!

Mme. de Balzac.

In 1887 a collection of Victor Hugo's notes, from 1838-77, was published by his literary executor, under the title of "Choses vues." Among these was a description of the death of Balzac, resumed by the poet with that terse, impressive simplicity that gives such incomparable grandeur to certain passages of his prose. Having learned that Balzac was on his deathbed, and arriving in the evening at the Rue Fortunée, "a servant, in tears, opened the door. A second servant, likewise in tears, came forward, saying 'He is dying, Madame has retired.'" Conducted to the bedside of the dying man by M. Surville (Balzac's brother-in-law), "an old woman, the nurse and a man servant stood on either side of the bed. * * * I raised the coverlet and took his hand, I pressed it, but he did not respond to my pressure." The poet did not remark upon the strange absence of Mme. de Balzac, something which drew from M. Spoelberch de Louvenjoul in his "Roman d'amour (Balzac et Mme. de Hanska)" the comment: "At this supreme moment an old woman (presumably his mother), a nurse and a man servant were alone present!" Elsewhere, he states that "from the testimony of reliable witnesses of their short married life, the union of the new ménage was (from the outset) already seriously compromised."

An additional fact of tragic significance, and curiously resembling some of the writer's own lugubrious conceptions, was furnished by Octave Mirbeau, in a collection of sketches, entitled, "La 628-E8," published in 1907. In a chapter describing Balzac's last moment she relates that, while the great writer was breathing his last, Eve de Balzac was closeted with the painter Gigoux (incidentally an inferior painter and a consummate cad), an habitué of Balzac's home. After repeated knocking at the door by the nurse, Mme. de Balzac, her hair disordered and in scanty attire, issued from the room and entered the death-chamber, leaving Gigoux, half dressed, "his head pillowed on his clasped hands, reclining on a couch, contemplating his toes, without displaying the least emotion." Mirbeau's book was ready to appear. The advance proofs had already reached the press, and the Paris Temps had given a résumé of it, including the chapter on Balzac's death. The following day the author was urgently requested by Mme. Mnisznech (Mme. de Hanska's daughter, then an octogenarian, living in retirement at a convent in the Rue de Vaugirard) to withdraw the incriminating chapter. In her letter to the Temps, she asserted that at the time of Balzac's death Gigoux did not even know her mother, a statement so absolutely false that it invalidated any further defense in her mother's behalf. However, pressed by her near relative, who bore the same name and who called upon him the day before his book was to appear, Mirbeau consented to suppress, for the time being, the compromising passages.

How Rodin, the sculptor, was indirectly responsible for these details concerning Gigoux's presence at the moment of Balzac's death is related in the chapter in which M. Léger describes the various researches undertaken by Rodin in collecting data on the life and personality of the writer whose monument he was commissioned to execute.

One by one, the author of "Eve de Balzac" points out the inaccuracies and chronological errors which beset the allegations of her champions, to exonerate Mme. de Balzac from the charges which justify the appellation of the "Madame Bovary of Poland," bestowed upon her by Henri Bordeaux. The affirmations of Paul Lapret (whose close acquaintanceship with Gigoux only began seven years after Balzac's death), upon which her most recent apologist, Marcel Bouteron, based his conclusions, M. Léger shows to be valueless, as M. Lapret pretended that Gigoux had never known Balzac, an assertion conclusively contradicted by facts. In his "Iconographie de Balzac," Henri Bouchot writes: "I often heard him (Gigoux) speak of Balzac, whom he had good reasons for knowing!" Champfleury boasted openly among his friends of his intimacy with Mme. de Balzac, whom he met the year after the writer's death. In short, these latest revelations concerning her leave little doubt that the Polish beauty was unworthy of the exalted passion of the man "whose life was more filled with works than days" (the words of Victor Hugo, spoken over Balzac's grave), whose genius has contributed a lasting link in the chain of eternal verities wrought by the great creative writers of the world.

Particular interest is attached to the admirable and pathetic portrait of Balzac on his death-bed, from a pastel by Eugène Giraud executed a few hours after his death. A spurious portrait, at the Musée Carnavalet, commonplace and inferior in every respect, passed for the original, until M. Léger discovered, in 1910, in the storage room of the Musée de Besançon, this precious memento of the great French writer. The portrait of Mme. de Balzac was painted in 1852.

Evolution of the Sailing Ship

SAILING SHIPS AT A GLANCE. By Edward W. Hobbs, A. I. N. A. With an introduction by L. G. Carr Laughton and 150 illustrations by the author. 221 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THERE is an esthetic appeal in this pictorial record of the evolution of the sailing ship similar to that in a volume of lovely verse. At the call of the sea each craft wakes into a sentient being, suggests Mr. Laughton. The Greeks thought of a boat as a fish and painted eyes on its bows so that it could see where it was going. The same practice still prevails in parts of the Far East today. The early Chinese artists used to have some such notion of the figures they painted—namely, that the art form took on a life of its own; but in the case of the painters they hesitated to add the pupil to the eye lest the creation should fly away. Ships, like all artistic objects, do have a personality. "It is their enduring courage that stands out above their other qualities; for any ship that is seaworthy and seakindly has the power of endearing herself and commanding respect."

For the earliest known ship model Mr. Hobbs goes back to 10,000 B. C., to the Badarian, an Egyptian craft found in the Fayoum. The information about it is scant, and even 4,000 years later he finds that he has to depend largely on representations on Egyptian vases, which leave much to the imagination in the way of details. The Greeks provided for unfavorable winds by adding a multiplicity of rowers. The contribution of the Norsemen was an art of fashioning the under-water body so as to obtain a minimum of resistance to its journey through the waters. The Elizbethan age added a hull sufficiently strong to accommodate the weight of cannon mounted on it. And so the type evolved until the beginning of the eighteenth century, which marked the golden age of the sailing ship.

Each nation seems to have contributed a name as picturesque as the individual craft itself—the Greek unireme, the Norse snekkja, the Portuguese muletta, the Spanish xebec, the Dutch "boier," the Muscat dhow, the Danish "pink," the American clipper ship. Each has served a purpose and has been pleasing to the eye just because of the necessity of a proportion between masts and sail and the ship itself in order that they might drive it. Much of this charm passed with the advent of steam. In the ships of this generation, as Mr. Laughton points out, the beauty depends on its expression of efficiency and is best understood by those who know in what efficiency consists. There is hope, however, he believes, that the present warfare between efficiency and seemliness need not be perpetuated forever.

Mr. Hobbs has put all the romance and beauty into his illustrations. The text is matter-of-fact and brief. Each one of the line drawings is a gateway to the great world of the past, a glimpse of the heroism of those who braved the perils of the uncharted seas.

Nine Fantastic Tales By Walter de la Mare

His Prose Is Still Distinguished by Odd Glimpses of a Secret World

Mr. Walter de la Mare Gaining Inspiration for an Eerie and Lovely Story.

From "Observations," by Max Beerbohm. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

THE CONNOISSEUR, AND OTHER STORIES. By Walter de la Mare. 309 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

WALTER DE LA MARE may vary his output in form but the substance partakes of the same curious, unearthly qualities. His poetry and his prose have this much in common, the are continually pushing ajar a secret door into another world, a world that impinges directly upon this factual existence but which is shot through with strange gleams and impulses. "The Connoisseur and Other Stories" contains nine narratives (not all of them can be called short stories in the true sense of the word, for several lack essentials of plot that would place them in that category) which exhibit those aspects of de la Mare's curious talent in the completest way. The book as a whole hardly seems to balance up with those surprisingly excellent predecessors, "The Riddle and Other Tales" and "Broomsticks and Other Tales," but it is compact with the unique and sometimes oblique attitude toward life that is so much a part of the author's strange fancy. For one thing, it lacks those astonishing portraits of old maids and malevolent women of uncertain age that figured so largely in de la Mare's previous books. There is no "Seaton's Aunt" here, for instance, to chill the blood and arouse in the reader a dubious mental unrest. But there are inexplicable creatures. There is the ominous hermit of "Mr. Kempe" and the haunted verger of "All Hallows" and the Poesque creatures of "The Lost Track." They may not rise to the particular heights of intensity manifested by "Seaton's Aunt" but they are sufficiently endowed with the ghostlike auras of supernaturalism to satisfy the reader. It is a peculiar portion of Mr. de la Mare's talent that it is quite often impossible to directly assert that these creatures are supernatural. After all, they may be mad people, abnormalities living in a tangent of the mind that is hardly endowed with anything so crude as what we commonly denominate supernatural phenomena. They are living bits of philosophies, of strange metaphysics, people who open that secret door and step through into the world that is and not the world where men walk and talk and think in the old accustomed ways.

Mr. Kempe, presumably, is a madman. He is seeking for the Soul, striving to satisfy himself as to its existence as an immortal thing in itself. So, too, is the verger mad. But he is crazed with an obsession that may be based on real supernatural forces. The picture of this old man wandering about the ancient Cathedral of All Hallows while mysterious forces, supposedly malign, rebuild and constantly restore the huge heap of masonry and imperceptibly change the aspect of the anointed building into a thing of evil significance is awesome and delicately conveyed. "The Connoisseur," from which the book takes its title, is admittedly supernatural, an allegory of some elaborateness, but this very obviousness of symbolism weakens and renders it one of the less interesting inclusions in the book. "The Lost Track" is admirable from beginning to end, and while it suggests the supernatural it is no more than the juxtaposition of circumstances that make it seem so. All the material for a Poe tale is here; the lost house hidden near the railroad track that is used no longer, the sallow, dark-caped owner of the house and his immured wife the ancient colored retainers, and the blazing jewel from the meteorite which stands like a small god on the table. This power of suggesting, of evoking the hidden world possessed by Mr. de la Mare is his greatest talent. He, better than any other writer today, can do this. Indeed, it is possible that he outreaches Algernon Blackwood, that his intrinsic poetical intuition carries him further along that mysterious track that suddenly shifts from this world and darts off among the cloudy and barely-sensed terrains beyond this earth. "The Connoisseur" is not as rich in this material as Mr. de la Mare's other books, but it is rich enough to give ample proof that the poet is still a master of his material.

Aligned with these stories is a group that may be placed under the category of character sketches, and yet they are more than that. They are subtle philosophical disquisitions as well, questions aimed at the mystery of things. "Disillusioned" is such a story, although it is somewhat scattered and not quite as tightly knit as it should be. The spectacle of the writer confessing his symptoms to the doctor and striving to discover what is the matter with him, why life has gone stale and old and outworn as far as she is concerned, is engrossing so far as it goes; it might have been strengthened by a more rigorous handling. In this classification of tales two stand out as preeminent, "The Nap" and "Pretty Poll." "The Nap" is merely the story of a father's day, a father who does all the household chores while his wife, two sons and a daughter to go out and amuse themselves. An inner voice protests at all this but the father carries his selflessness through triumphantly. One sees this man as he is and one pities him and one understands that he could not be otherwise, that he would, in fact, be unhappy if he were not slaving for others and being put upon by them. "Pretty Poll" is also a story of strength and strangeness. A man buys a parrot and his wife is ruined by it. The parrot curses ferociously and indulges in the most violent Billingsgate at times but there are odd moments when it emits a clear and beautiful burst of melody, the voice of a woman singing like an angel. The owner falls in love with this voice that seems to come out of Heaven and strives to track it down, going back through the history of the parrot to find where the bird first heard it. The search becomes an obsession with the owner but it is of no avail. Like all beautiful and unearthly things it is never tracked to earth. "Missing" is a curious tale of a man confessing himself to a stranger in a teashop during a thunderstorm. By the time this confession is ended the reader knows the man as intimately as though he had lived beside him for years. It is an extremely clever handling of the theme. "The Warf," which completes the tales in the volume, is a short subjective narrative that is good in itself but not particularly striking.

In this book the two sides of Mr. de la Mare's talent stand out most clearly. There is that supernatural tinge of material, always so great and impressive a portion of his best work, and there is the ability to delineate curious characters, men and women out of the beaten track who are generally obsessed by some strange fancy or chain of circumstances. His fault appears to be an occasional long-windedness, an enlargement of the theme through too much description or too much conversation, but Mr. de la Mare's prose is so good in itself that he may be forgiven this flaw, really a difficult one to escape by a man who is always concerned with the thousand and one curious nuances and overtones rising from a world of reality into a world of mystery. After all, much of this liberality of prose goes toward the complete characterization of strange folk, folk who could people no other world than the one which Mr. de la Mare sees. All this work, all these characters, these Mr. Kempes and Mr. Bleets and Mr. Pritchards and Byashes, are haunted, and that seems to be an integral part of Mr. de la Mare's art—to picture haunted places and people, to work along strange lines of dream psychology and unearthly metaphysics. The subtle and often distinguished prose that reveals these fancies of the poet's brain is admirably adapted to the purpose in hand.

"The Connoisseur, and Other Stories" would seem to hint that the ghostly element in Mr. de la Mare's work is slackening before the interest in haunted characters, if such a sly distinction may be made. In other words, the direct suggestion of supernatural impulses and media is giving place to character-sketches of men and women who remain in this world of ours and not in the land of ghosts, but who still are pursued by strange fancies and obsessions. Of course, it may be merely the particular group of stories included in the volume and not at all the real bent of Mr. de la Mare's mind that suggests this drawing-back from the unearthly plane. After all, three of the stories are quite definitely in the ghostly classification and that is a good proportion out of nine. The book serves to show, however, that the poet's ability to write a clarified and gently-poetical prose has not abated, and this is something for which the reader should be thankful. Mr. de la Mare occupies a curious and unchallenged place among English poets. There is no one quite like him, and while he commands his present style and oblique way of observing life there is not likely to be.

Nathalia Crane Takes the Road to Romance

THE SUNKEN GARDEN. By Nathalia Crane. 259 pp. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

AMERICA'S youngest poet, Miss Nathalia Crane, now aspires to the title of youngest novelist. Nathalia is, we believe, 13 years of age, and, so far as we know, there are no disputants. She calls her story "The Sunken Garden," and it is probably unnecessary to warn the prospective reader that if he enters on the book he will find himself invited to tread the paths of romance.

It is next to impossible to consider the work of one of Nathalia's age in the dispassionate calm in which criticism is supposedly carried on. Biography should not enter into criticism; for, if it does enter into criticism, then the object of study is taken relatively, and the very function of criticism—impartial judgment—has been destroyed. On the face of it, any book, whether or not by a child, on which a publisher would risk money would have to be a good book. But suppose the fact that it is by a child is emphasized in putting the book forth! The question immediately ceases to be a question of the book's merit and becomes personal. Is "The Sunken Garden" a good book? Has it absolute merit? The answer is no. But when it is asked: Is "The Sunken Garden" a remarkable piece of work for one of Nathalia's age, then the answer is yes. It might even be regarded as an extraordinary piece of work. The enthusiastic admirers of little Miss Crane and her poetry will doubtless call the novel a work of genius. It is not. And such admirers will do the authoress far more harm than good. In literature genius does not display itself at so immature an age, for the simple reason that literature is a product of the mind. A child of 13 may possess unusual intelligence as well as a highly fertile imagination. Nathalia has both. Thus her talent is far above the ordinary. But literature is mind speaking to mind, whether the medium chosen be realism or romance. And to expect this from Nathalia, or from anybody else of her age, is to be dotingly optimistic.

Nathalia has read omnivorously, and "The Sunken Garden" is the regurgitation of her reading. How could it be otherwise? "Their minds were still drenched with the distillations of the most potent of all earthly emotions, and every thought was colored by the raptures of remembered avowals." It makes little difference whether this is Rider Haggard (at his worst) or somebody else, it is good only relatively—relatively, that is, because Nathalia is 13.

> Beyond the mists of the Eight Stones, beyond the sullen barriers of the sea, was her realm, the empire that had nurtured her, the empire that in a chosen hour would pluck this constrained daughter from the concealed cavity of tropical tazza, where she had passed the portals of security and dropped the catalogue of the commonplace.

We do not know who this is, and shall not hazard a guess; but it is even exceeded in waywardness by another passage.

> If the crusading waifs from the reeking galleass had really negotiated the western seas and had landed upon the islet, there followed the assumption that they grew into adults, who preserved remembrances of the rites and ceremonies of civilized communities and shaped their lives upon the patterns of their native villages and palatines.

To be sure, once we are willing to take the relative point of view, refusing all others, then this very waywardness has its charm. One can find in it the same pleasure that one finds in watching the antics of a kitten; or, to bring the matter nearer home, in listening to any childish recital. Nathalia is struggling valiantly to unburden herself, and there is no little amusement to be derived from watching her infantile contortions. The child who tries to tell us of the policeman at the corner who stopped a fight or of the terrors inspired by the animals at the zoo is amusing. Nathalia has leopards and serpents and other equally abhorrent creatures active in her book.

We have no doubt that some time Nathalia Crane will write something possessing not merely relative but also absolute merit. Nathalia has a flair for letters which should carry her very far; she has a sense of structure, unbounded enthusiasm and abnormal discernment for color values. The reviewer has no desire to hurt her feelings or to antagonize her efforts. But since the publication of any book is news, and since criticism in the art-world bears the same relation to art-news that editorial comment bears to news in general, it cannot logically be objected if the editorial writer (the critic) finds himself compelled to offer dissenting opinion. The present reviewer can but believe that Nathalia's overweening desire to strew on paper all the words in all the dictionaries will lead her into trouble if she takes no measures to restrain her appetite. For his own part he would far rather have seen her—at 13—writing a simple story of the corner of life which comes under her observation. And if he is to tell the truth, he would far rather not see her writing at all—for publication. Or, at most, rarely.

This is not to suggest that Nathalia should be restrained from writing—either Nathalia or any other child. Far from it. There was no objection to the publication of the initial volume of verses; it was probably very well worth while that the world should be apprized of what now and again may be done in the world of art by a child. But those words by Guy de Maupassant in the preface to "Pierre et Jean" come forcibly to mind. Maupassant wrote for seven years under the tutelage of Flaubert; and at the command of his master destroyed all that he wrote. Perhaps only the Frenchman would have such courage.

Hilaire Belloc Takes To the Highway

In His History of Road Travel He Sees the Wheel as Man's Greatest Invention

The Dead Ass.

From an Old Colored Etching, Which Appeared as an Illustration to Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

THE HIGHWAY AND ITS VEHICLES. By Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated with Full Page Reproductions. Limited Edition. London: The Studio, Ltd. 3 guineas.

By F. FRASER BOND

ALL the way from "riding a cock horse to Banbury Cross to see a fine lady ride on a white horse" in medieval times, to jaunting off "to Brighton in a glorious motor car," in our own, Hilaire Belloc has chronicled the manners and methods of traveling over the English roads. His comprehensive and informative essay stands as the preface to—or rather, a "curtain-raiser" for—a glowing pageant of prints in colors which The Studio Company of London has collected in a limited de luxe edition called, "The Highway and Its Vehicles."

The collection begins with crude drawings of tenth century 'hammock wagons" and country carts, presumably the earliest existing graphic records, follows through the picturesque periods of the sedan chair and the "palanquin" and on to my lord and lady's coach and four, and the lumbering stages of less exalted travelers. The volume is uniform in size, craftsmanship and price, with The Studio's admirable collections of old English sporting prints, ship models and old naval prints, which preceded it.

Mr. Belloc has made many a pilgrim's progress. Not only has he followed, and that most memorably, "the path to Rome"; not only has he climbed the Pyrenees, and loitered along many a Continental byway; but he has for years tramped the English countryside. Accordingly he knows its highways and its hedges in that intimate, familiar way which only the true lover of the out-of-doors can ever really achieve. He has, therefore, in the present instance a subject dear to his heart. Yet he manages to strip it for the most part of all sentiment and personalities. He chooses to treat it as a thing entirely of the head. Judged from his method, it is as if the years had rolled themselves back. Belloc might have come "up" from the Oratory School to Oxford. He might be sitting in his rooms in Balliol, looking perhaps out of his window over the shaven lawns of St. John's College, and writing a thesis. He sticks to the main highway of his theme with an almost scientific precision, and refuses to wander off for long in those enticing bypaths of recollection or fancy in which at times it pleases him so delightfully to dawdle.

While Mr. Belloc never of course puts the cart before the horse, he does put it before the highway. There we have the thesis to which he writes. "What made the road in general was man's necessity of passing from one point to another; but what made the Highway was the Vehicle." But for the creation of the vehicle, the human pedestrian, or horseman, for that matter, might have remained content with a primitive path, wide enough to permit him to go two by two, or if on a military expedition bent, wide enough to enable him to form fours. But the coming of the wheeled vehicle changed all that. It was a case where the cause determined the effect, and also where the effect is contained in the cause. And by referring, as Mr. Belloc suggests, the whole question of the highway to the vehicle, "we discover more and more the nature of the highway, why it is, what it is, why it has suffered certain fates; what its development has been, its perils, its failures and resuscitations." He summons to his support a veritable cloud of historical witnesses, including one of particular interest on this side of the Atlantic. The vehicle preceded the road, he submits, in the typical instance of the American colonization Westward. "That is why the 'Covered Wagon' has given its name to the big movement across the plains to the Rocky Moutains."

The first arbitrary attribute which the vehicle forced on the road was gauge or width. From the very reason that human beings chose to sit side by side as they jogged along, this width of vehicle and the pair of horses or oxen which drew it, got fixed from the very first, roughly between five and seven feet. But man did not go driving along very far in his world and his century before the need arose for other drivers to pass him. Accordingly, from early days, the minimum gauge of the highway was confirmed on the basis of double that gauge which gave a stable vehicle for two sitting abreast. Similarly in the matter of road surface the vehicle as a weight carrier imposed its will on the highway.

But the vehicle's domination of the highway came only after man's invention of the wheel. In this discovery of the wheel, Mr. Belloc sees the most notable thing which man has made of his conception alone.

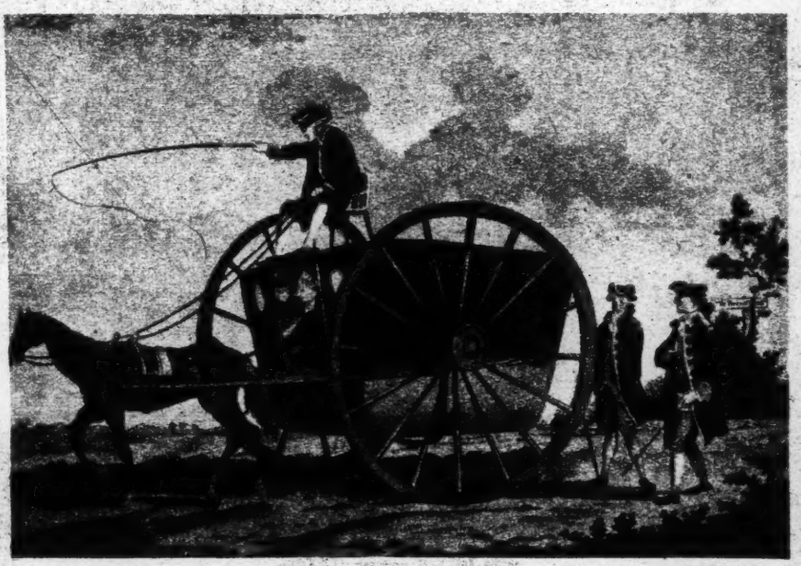
For he has here not captured nor tamed an existing thing, like fire, nor mimicked anything in the world about him, as in music, or plastic art or building. There was no wheel before man—and man alone made the wheel. Of things animate we may perhaps be proudest of the dog; but of things inanimate the wheel may nourish our pride—should we ever find ourselves deficient therein.

Accordingly Mr. Belloc enters with gusto in recording this great invention's evolution. For the time being he puts to one side the scientific exactitudes of facts and figures, he throws off the mortarboard and gown in which he must have penned some paragraphs of his essay, and frankly enjoys an adventure in unstatistical prose. He sees the primitive wheel of primitive man grinding his corn, making his pottery, turning his wood, and much, much more:

> The wheel divinely reproduced itself by its own motion; a circle, making man the creator of other circles for ever. It sharpened man's instruments and weapons; it harnessed for him the strength of rivers and of tides. * * * It helped him to hold a boat against the great seas and to curb the strength of the wind. It made that same wind with sails of its own, a servant of power. * * * The wheel made its own self more facile by suggesting bearings of its own kind for its own progress.

And then he points out the wheel's marvelous extension in our own age. It transmits our power, keeps our time, permits our "curious toys" such as the moving pictures, and even "aids us in our vices," for by its impersonality and exactitude "it makes our gambling reasonably impersonal." Small wonder that the wheel was half worshiped, or at least turned into a symbol. As to its actual genesis, no record exists. The first wheel of civilized man graphically portrayed was the six-spoked wheel of the Egyptians. Mr. Belloc pooh-poohs the idea that the first wheel was a section of tree trunk. That would make, he claims, the "very worst wheel conceivable." Between logs used as rollers and the finished, strain-bearing wheel stretched a wide gulf. But primitive man managed to jump it. In celebration of this feat readers of Mr. Belloc's eulogistic rhetoric may well throw their hats into the air.

But the wheel dominating the vehicle, and the vehicle laying down the law for the road didn't have things altogether their own way. The highway in its turn reacted on them. England instituted the turnpike. This new capitalist device made possible the first uniformly good road surface since the days of the Roman legions, and called into being the stage coach. In the nineteenth century England again led the way with the first true modern road surface, created "to make as fast as possible traffic by stage coach as a regular postal service." The fine collection of coaching prints stand out as the richest in color and indeed in human interest. The gay coats of the postilions, the pairs of spirited horses, the great rumbling coach with its passengers—all convey a sense of dash and go comparable only to the always popular prints of sporting scenes. Indeed these coaching prints preserve the atmosphere of the merrie, semi-even less exalted functions and ranks indicate the retinue with which even modest equipages progressed. In the cases of the royal comings and goings pictured it all very naturally assumes the status of a function. The interesting thing is that the prints show a considerable to-do in any case. But there is one thing to bear in mind—springs came on the scene fairly late in the day. Perhaps we have a reason here for Mr. Belloc's findings of the falling off in actual travel. A glance at the medieval prints may supply us with a clue. The fine ladies cooped so tightly in the long carts or "whirlicotes" have a decidedly resigned if not exactly grim cast of countenance. It is plain to see that for them the term "joy ride" had not the slightest significance.



The Forerunner of the Hansom Cab.

While still concerned with the prints of the horse-drawn vehicle, followers of the modern "comics" may note with interest that the "balloon" device so popular with our present-day supplement cartoonists—the device used to indicate conversation between the cartoon's characters—appears as far back as an early nineteenth century print of the London to Windsor coach road. One coachman, annoyed by the other coach passing him, yells out: "I'm the regulator, Mat." To which comes the punning retort: "Yes, we know it, Jack, for we all *go by you.*" A series of amusing sketches chronicle the early days of locomotion which attempted to leave the horse behind. The early bicycle, for instance, run the gamut of grotesqueness, and from the standpoint of the picturesque we should be thankful that the early forerunners of the railway engine failed in its progress on the broad highway. With the locomotive and the development of the railway system Mr. Belloc has but slight concern. The engine soon took to tracks of its own and so traveled out of the present volume's compass. But he does pause to point out the influence of the highway travel on the railway. The railway carriage strictly followed the body of the old stage coach. Up till the fairly recent advent of the "corridor carriage" the railway was scarcely more than a series of "stage coach insides, tacked one to another." Even the terminology of the road passed over to the tracks, as for instance, "booking office," "guard," and "driver."

With the advent of the motor car, of course, the old order changed, along with the old picturesqueness. The dominating effect of this new vehicle on the highway remains still in the realm of conjecture. How will the automobile affect the roadways of the future? Mr. Belloc is as free as any one to guess, and he uses that freedom. He surveys the latest motor speedways; he thinks of their cost, their experimental nature, and the almost insurmountable property barriers in the way of their multiplication. And he sees three strong factors which make against any general change of the highway to meet the new vehicle. And these three facts are: (1) The high cost of production, (2) The disturbance of individual interest, and (3) Our uncertainty upon the future. "Our generation has seen so many and so very rapid changes that it naturally hesitates before it will expend a vast supply of energy in producing something which may be useless shortly after it is completed."

But he does not conclude his survey without suggesting a way out. He suggests the limiting of swift and heavy motor traffic to strategically placed and specially constructed motor roads. He points out further the need for an extensive system of viaducts in connection with these arterial roadways.

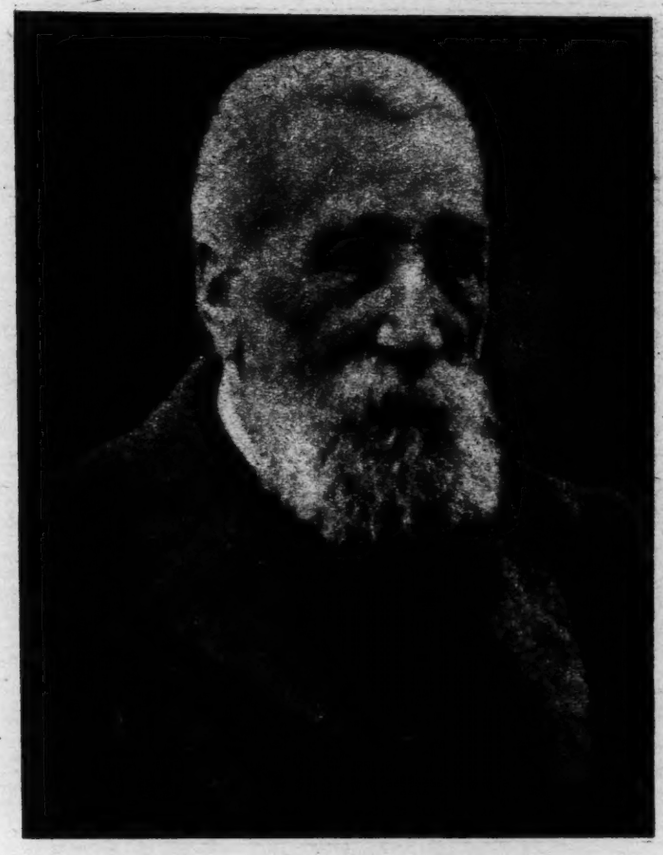
> Motor traffic, if it has come to stay, will compel society sooner or later to safeguard other forms of traffic. They cannot be abolished; and in the case of the great motor roads, the only efficient safeguard in keeping other forms of traffic off them. * * * You must carry those roads over or under the existing local ways, just as the railways are normally carried over or under them.

An interesting human sidelight in connection with all this improvement in vehicular travel is that it didn't increase the actual amount of come and go. Although they went on horseback and muleback, "people traveled in the early Middle Ages (taking all classes of the community) more than they do now; and what is remarkable, the most distant enterprises of the kind seemed quite normal to the men of that time." Mr. Belloc cites the constant stream from far and wide that visited the Papal Court—the supreme court of appeal in Christendom.

Uniformly characteristic of the prints is a certain air of ceremonial about highway travel. Coachman, footmen and numerous flunkeys of rural England that the industrial revolution of the early Victorian years completely changed. On such coaches young Tom Brown journeyed to and from Rugby. And in the very one pictured in front of the Star Hotel, Oxford, he in his mature cutaway and "beaver" might well have driven away from that city of "dreaming spires."

Talks With Anatole France On Cabbages and Kings

A Volume of Conversations in Which Americans Fare None Too Well



Anatole France.

ANATOLE FRANCE AT HOME. By Marcel Le Goff. Translated by Laura Riding Gottschalk. 197 pp. New York: Adelphi Co. $2.50.

DURING the war Anatole France removed from his Villa Said at Versailles and went to Tours, where he purchased the estate called La Bechellerie. Here he lived during those ominous days when the fate of France seemed in the balance, and here he was waited upon, visited and sycophanted (if a verb may be coined) by a hundred and one people of varying degrees. Some of these visitors were intelligent, but others were a curious mixture of stupidity and gaucherie. Marcel Le Goff was one of these visitors, and "Anatole France at Home" is the result of a fairly consistent series of Sunday calls at La Bechellerie during the war years. The conversations of Anatole France are familiar to readers through other books (M. Brousson's, for instance) and, therefore, one is fairly certain of what to expect. There is wit of a sort (thinned by translation, of course), a sly maliciousness, an irony that is often cruel beneath its soft sheath of seemingly courteous words, and an attitude toward life that is an inexplicable compound of paganism, aristocratic aplomb and socialism. In M. Le Goff's book there is also (and this will cause some amazement among general readers, but not so much among those who know their Anatole France) timidity and a politic concealment (at least in public) of the writer's sincere opinions. It is possible that Le Goff has indulged in a little maliciousness in the compilation of this volume of recorded conversations, that he has seen to it that the egotism and intellectual cruelty of France shall be unduly emphasized. After all, France was often extremely ironic and biting toward his guests, and M. Le Goff does not picture himself as any too bright a companion for a man who was always extremely impatient of mental sloth. It must be remembered, on the other hand, that during his last years Anatole France was pestered to death by simpletons, charlatans, curiosity-seekers, lion-hunters and hack-writers, who saw in him a rich subject for an easy book. It is not meant to be implied that M. Le Goff was in this category; still, he had to deal with a man who was suspicious of the motives of guests.

"Anatole France at Home" is chiefly important for its revelations of the French writer's opinions during the war. It will be remembered (at least, by those whose memories date back to the war) that France was looked upon as a possible mouthpiece of pacificism and socialism. After all, he was the friend of the martyred Jean Jaurès, and it was expected, therefore, that he might be able to disentangle the few threads of reason that ran through the tangled skein of patriotic hysteria, profiteering cupidity and innumerable lies that made up the war propaganda. But the war went on and France said practically nothing. We now see that he said what he had to say in private and that quite definite reasons of politic safety gagged him so far as the public was concerned. France was lacking in courage. And yet that great irony that consumed him may have convinced him in his own mind that brave gestures were futile, that the war would be fought out, anyway, and that idealism of the Romain Rolland sort, for instance, was but a misty sentimentality, after all. Le Goff arrives at three reasons for France's peculiar attitude, his skepticism, his desire to destroy and his disgust with humanity. We must remember that Anatole France was a completely disillusioned man, that he believed wickedness, hypocrisy and slaughter the dominant motives of the human race and that he was a pitiless critic, bent on destroying the formulas put forward by man. Threading all this, however, was a high sense of humor, an excruciating satire, and, strangely enough, an innate kindness of personality. All of these traits reveal themselves in the many conversations, side remarks and anecdotes set down in M. Le Goff's book.

To understand France's attitude toward the war—an attitude of unceasing criticism and heaped scorn on all the leaders (there is not a solitary exception) one must understand his conception of patriotism, and this has been clearly set down by M. Le Goff in words from the "dear master's" mouth.

> It's a debatable sentiment [declared M. France] and it's useless to try to make it an absolute, not subject to any analysis or discussion whatever. It isn't a natural sentiment. It's the product of a certain civilization and of certain social state. To require men to die for an abstract entity—for in the last analysis that's all one's country is—is to set up an absolute what is only relative. The idea of patrie is nothing more than a substitution for national gods, and it often happens that these gods are thirsty. By what right do we send millions of men to death for an idea that is only relative and which varies with the social situation of each? Is the patrie the same thing for the rich man and the poor man, for the child and the old man? We don't think of all that. The country has become a pitiless goddess to whom we make senseless sacrifices in men and money. Soon we shall have sacrificed as many Frenchmen to regain Alsace-Lorraine as its whole population. Is that sensible; is that reasonable? Where is reason when a country is at war? It becomes eclipsed and disappears. If we had the least bit of common sense left, we'd know that the best way to be patriotic is to use the forces and resources of a country to keep it strong and vigorous. They are squandered without any sense of their value on an adventure whose issue is doubtful and which, even if it does end successfully, will not compensate for the losses we have suffered. Men are insane, and when their frail guide, reason, forsakes them, they are like fools let loose. We are now prey to a sharp attack of mysticism. Humanity is using up these days riches it will take years to replace, if it can. This war threatens to ruin Occidental civilization.

With such an attitude at heart (though it is more than probable that France was talking to hear himself talk) we can better understand his sharp cavilling at the French war leaders. Briand, he thought more intelligent than the others, but, "he reasons like the others; he thinks like the others; he will act like the others, and nothing will be changed. * * * He'll do nothing for peace." Barrail "has the soul of a despot and the discipline he enforces is of the worst sort." Cailiaux "is afraid and becomes lost in contradictory attitudes." Ribot is "a wooden head, an Academy dunce." Clemenceau's "work itself is evil. He never willed anything that was not evil." Wilson (and this is after the peace) "knows nothing about Europe or its history, and yet he comes here and tries to measure out the rights of States on scales. He distributes justice by the milligram. These Protestants are terrible. They mix great financial interests with biblical problems." Lloyd George is "a crafty fellow." He "chants the Psalms, but fills his country's pockets and serves its interests at the same time." Poincaré "knows a great deal, but his cold-heartedness is terrible." And so on through practically the entire list of men who dominated the war and the peace.

American intervention he did not regard with a kindly eye; for, as each nation swept into the conflict he saw no more than a prolongation of the slaughter and an additional problem to face during the peace negotiations when complicated nationalistic aspirations would have to be dealt with. The Americans came to Tours during 1918 and crowds of them visited France at La Bechellerie much to his ironic laughter.

> And here are the latest champions of right, justice and civilization [he scoffed]. Nevertheless, they're queer creatures. And to think that the two most intelligent peoples of the world, France and Germany, go on killing the flower of their youth for such barbarians. For, make no mistake, they will be the winners; they will impose upon the world in the treaty of peace Mr. Wilson's biblical Kantian dreams, all carefully run off on the typewriter. You can just die laughing at them. On the one hand, the Bible, on the other a sample of cotton-cloth, nasty combination of Puritanism and mercantilism.

M. Le Goff sets down a story in this chapter that is of more than usual interest. One wonders how true it is. He writes:

> I shall never forget the arrival of President Roosevelt's son, a blond and rosy giant, accompanied by a very tiny woman as blond and rosy as himself. Both of them stood in the centre of the salon.
>
> "Oh! M. France, je suis venu pour vo voar."
>
> "Delighted," answered M. France. "I am delighted, it's very, very nice of you, really very nice, isn't it very nice?" said M. France, turning to Mlle. Laprevotte.
>
> The latter, who was beginning to feel the effects of a very grave complaint and whose mind and tongue were often at odds, answered:
>
> "Voui, voui, c'est tres gentil."
>
> But M. Roosevelt insisted upon explaining.
>
> "No, je souis venu pour regarder vo et m'en aller," upon which he balanced from foot to foot like one of his ancestors, on a cocoa tree.
>
> M. France—"Ah! to think you have come so far to look at me! Well, then, Monsieur, go ahead, look at me."
>
> He came and stood motionless before him. He even asked him if he should turn around, but M. Roosevelt did not understand.

Now, this tale, if true, exhibits an extreme childishness on the part of Anatole France. The point, of course, is that the visitor could not make the distinction between voir, to see, and regarder, to look at, but the mistake is one that is easily made by a foreigner, and, anyway, slips of the tongue are hardly so ironically taken up in France, where the ungrammatical speech of Americans is taken for what it is, an attempt to make one's self understood and no more.

It will be gathered that by far the greater portion of "Anatole France at Home" has to do with the war and the years of negotiation immediately after the armistice, and this is true. Interspersed, however, are a number of chapters on other things, on past writers, contemporary authors, socialism, idleness and beauty, the historical Christ and various booksellers and antiquarians. There is also an account of the last days of France that is cursory, but interesting. The book as a whole is decidedly engrossing and though it may not be as important as Brousson's book of conversations at Villa Said it is yet an admirable adjunct to that work. These volumes of recovered conversations, by the way, are peculiarly entertaining and valuable, and it would be an admirable move if the same fashion in belles-lettres were adopted in America. Only in this way may one recover the sparkle and idiosyncrasies of a famous figure. It is true that such books often give a false idea of the subject because the narrator is generally selective, putting to paper those speeches that to him are most interesting and representative of the subject; but several of these books, as in the case of the Anatole France, may be put together and pretty much of a full-length portrait of the home life of the writer fashioned from them. Le Goff's book is one that will displease certain patriotic Americans, but it must be remembered that this book was not written for Americans. Anatole France had nothing in common with the American attitude toward life, and he was already a prejudiced observer of world phenomena when the war began. It was his belief that before the French Revolution a man could be a European as well as a Frenchman or a German or an Austrian, but that after it nationalistic lines were drawn so tightly that this freedom of the intelligence was destroyed. Democracies were compact with flaws, so far as he was concerned. And yet he possessed an unbearable pity for the downtrodden. He was a curious, blasphemous, ironical, satirical, old doubter and, at the same time, his temperament was threaded with a mellow sweetness that may have been assumed, but which still convinced whose came in contact with him. The real book about him has not been written. Perhaps he is like Voltaire—too big for the limited pages of any single volume.

A Great Editor's "Great Adventure"

WORLD CHANCELLERIES. Sentiments, Ideas and Arguments Expressed by Famous Occidental and Oriental Statesmen Looking to the Consolidation of the Psychological Bases of International Peace. With an Introduction by Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States. By Edward Price Bell, Dean of the Foreign Staff of The Chicago Daily News. 123 pp. Chicago: The Chicago Daily News.

ONE Winter day in 1924 Mr. Bell came upon the late Victor Fremont Lawson, builder, owner and editor-in-chief of The Chicago Daily News, sunk in deep and melancholy thought.

"May I ask what is on your mind, Mr. Lawson."

"I am thinking of Europe," said he.

"Of the chaos there?"

"Yes. Apparently it is chaos, material and mental. I can make out no coherence of thought anywhere. Unless the leaders pull themselves together, I am afraid the consequences of the war are going to be even worse than the war itself."

From this casual conversation arose what Mr. Lawson termed "Our Great Adventure," a series of authorized interviews by Mr. Bell with the political leaders of Europe, America and the Far East. In this volume are recorded his conversations with Chancellor Marx of Germany, with Benito Mussolini, Raymond Poincaré, Ramsay MacDonald and President Coolidge. The venture was expanded to include the Pacific problem; and the interviews of Premier Mackenzie King of Canada, former Ambassador Bancroft at Tokio, Premier Kato and Baron Shidehara of Japan, Quezon, Osmeña and Governor General Wood in the Philippines and Dr. Tang Shao-yi, the "Grand Old Man" of China, round out the picture of the world of high politics.

President Coolidge, in his introduction, observes that in the past

> Wars were part of the accepted rationale of organized human life. These days, we venture to think, are past. * * * Not in war deliberate but in war accidental seems to me to lie the principal present peril. We have a world psychology more inflammable, more explosive, than it ought to be. There is tinder about. There are powder-mines. Any flying spark is dangerous.

"World Chancelleries" attempts to quench a few of the flying sparks and to dampen a few of the powder-mines. It is a brave attempt and one that is a fitting memorial to Victor Fremont Lawson, one of the great figures of American journalism, an editor-owner of the old school, who made of his paper a tower of intellectual and moral force, as well as an accurate mirror of the news of the world.

A Diplomat Writes Of Diplomats

PARIS.

M. JULES CAMBON of the French Academy has published an interesting little volume, "The Diplomat," which is part of the collection "Characters of Our Time." In this collection there have already appeared "The Politician," by M. Louis Barthou; "The Priest," by Mgr. Julien, Bishop of Arras; "The Author," by M. Pierre Mille; "The Bourgeois," by M. Abel Hermant; "The Scientist," by Professor Charles Richet, and "The Attorney," by M. Henri-Robert, President of the Barristers' Corporation. Besides, announcement is made of the appearance, in the near future, of "The Peasant," by M. Henry Bordeaux; "The Physician," by Dr. Maurice de Fleury; "The Worker," by M. Albert Thomas, and "The Journalist," by M. Louis Latzarus. The last-named will not entirely duplicate M. Pierre Mille's "Author," for while some journalists are good writers, this is not true of all, even though we do not interpret the word as liberally as my janitor, who boasted of having a journalist cousin. On investigation this fellow turned out to be a tramp who was selling the Paris-Sport (which publishes the results of the races) on the great boulevards.

You know M. Jules Cambon. Before he became the French Ambassador to Berlin (where he was until August, 1914), he had spent several years in Washington; and his book contains a number of souvenirs of his stay among you. He tells, particularly, that in 1898 the French Government, at the request of Madrid, asked him whether he thought it possible for him to make some arrangement that would end the war between Spain and the United States. Thus he enjoyed the rare distinction of being a double Ambassador, so to speak, representing both Spain and France at the same time for several months. It was he who negotiated directly with President McKinley and Secretary of State Day. They met almost daily at the White House; and Mr. McKinley there revealed himself as a sincere lover of peace. He agreed not to demand any indemnity from Spain, and even to allow her the sum of $20,000,000 as compensation for Porto Rico and the Philippines, which were ceded to the United States. The Madrid Government cabled to M. Jules Cambon its authorization, making him its plenipotentiary for the signing of the agreement. Now, diplomatic custom demanded that the signing be delayed until the arrival, by steamer, of the papers officially and formally conferring this power on M. Jules Cambon. But no time was to be lost in putting a stop to the hostilities and the bloodshed. And Mr. Day very gallantly accepted the word of M. Jules Cambon, and signed the agreement immediately. On that day, says our Ambassador, humanity triumphed over formality.

***

ONE of the questions he discusses so competently is that of professional diplomats as against those chosen from outside the profession. In French diplomacy is called "la Carrière"—the career par excellence. In most European countries there is a principle that one must enter this career in one's youth, after taking part in a competition, and then must follow the regular path from the modest post of an unsalaried attaché to the dazzling height of the embassy, which one reaches through either extraordinary merit or extraordinary luck. Opposed to this is the American system, which entrusts ambassadorial posts to political men of the party in power.

Diplomats of the famous "Carrière" do not like this system at all. They want all the important posts, and even all the petty ones, to be reserved for them; they want a closed shop. It develops, however, that M. Jules Cambon himself is not one of them, but rose in the American manner. First he had been a prefect, and then the Governor General of Algeria; it was from Algeria that he was sent to Washington. The same applies to his brother, the late M. Paul Cambon, who also began in the prefectures, but finally had a very successful career of twenty years as French Ambassador to London. At present our embassies are divided between professional diplomats of the European school and political men who have risen in the American way.

M. Jules Cambon admits impartially that both systems have their good points. The professionals keep up traditions whose existence is justified; these specialists should be preserved to be secretaries, councilors and attachés. But for diplomatic chiefs the important thing is a knowledge of and experience in major matters; and these qualities may well be developed in politics, in high administrative posts, or even in ecclesiastic dignities.

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IN the old France a number of diplomats and foreign ministers were churchmen; Every one knows the names of Cardinal de Richelieu, Cardinal Mazarin, and even Cardinal Fleury, who was the Prime Minister of Louis XV. Then there were, among others, Cardinal d'Ossat, French Ambassador to Rome under Henri IV; and Père Joseph, Capuchin monk, called the "Eminence grise," who was the right hand of Richelieu.

To a certain extent even Talleyrand is to be included here. Before the revolution of 1789 he was Bishop of Autun; but he discarded the mitre and the cross to re-enter civil life. M. Jules Camon believes that the Prince de Talleyrand's theological apprenticeship helped him a great deal in his brilliant diplomatic career, during which he played the most prominent rôle in the reigns of Napoleon I, Louis XVIII, and Louis Philippe. And he would have been a minister or ambassador under the Republic also, had he not died before 1848. He frequently changed his party, but never his opinion.

Jules Cambon.

Times Wide World Photo.

says M. Jules Cambon. He was a man of 1789, a modern and liberal spirit, entirely different from the Austrian Chancellor Metternich—a man of the old school, an obstinate reactionary and the organizer of the Holy Alliance.

Many other portraits, anecdotes and opinions make M. Jules Cambon's substantial and thoroughgoing volume a book of unusually great interest. He recalls the words of Duc Albert de Broglie, who said that diplomacy is still the best invention of civilization to prevent force from being the sole deciding factor at international discussions. We may not yet consider treaties mere "scraps of paper." M. Jules Cambon believes that history is not just toward the diplomats, and does not pay them sufficient homage. And he cites the example of Vergennes, the great Foreign Minister of Louis XVI, who played a deciding rôle in the participation of France in the American war of independence, and who deserves statues as much as Lafayette and Rochambeau.

PAUL SOUDAY.

Literary Husbands And Wives

LONDON.

IN these days literary husbands are apt to have wives who are also skilled in the use of the pen. In some households there seems to have been a race lately as to which partner would be first in the field with an autobiography. Last year W. L. Courtney published "The Passing Hour," and now Mrs. Courtney has given us "Recollected in Tranquillity." H. W. Nevinson's "More Changes and Chances" has been followed by his wife's "Life's Fitful Fever." To avoid misunderstandings, perhaps it would be as well to mention that the conflicts and agitations hinted at in the titles of the two ladies' books were extra-domestic. Mrs. Sidney Webb has got well ahead of her husband by producing "My Apprenticeship" before there has been any sign of his putting on the cap of memory. But she has brought her story only up to her marriage, so possibly the record of later days will be written in collaboration, as by the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen in "We Twa."

It is seldom that any important book of recollections escapes being challenged on points of fact by some character who figures in it or by a representative, if the character himself has passed away, and Mrs. Webb's book has met this fate. Mrs. Waller, a daughter of Professor Huxley, has protested against her description of him as a melancholy idealist. Such an account of her father she calls utterly absurd. At the same time Mrs. Waller takes the opportunity of denying Mrs. Asquith's report of Huxley's "blasphemous conversation" at a dinner. She tells us, moreover, that her father when asked, after this dinner, if he had met Margot Tennant, replied: "Yes; she is a young lady who talks of matters she does not understand and which it is not my habit to discuss at dinner tables." The growing practice of publishing serially in the newspapers preliminary instalments of forthcoming books of reminiscences sometimes makes it possible for such protests to be made early. How L. J. Maxse, by means of a court injunction, blunted the edge of a story in which The Daily Telegraph had anticipated the volume of Colonel House's papers is still fresh in one's memory. Sir Felix Semon, the eminent doctor, has been giving Sunday TIMES readers a foretaste of an autobiography that is to appear shortly in volume form. These extracts have provoked some pungent comments elsewhere, with the suggestion that Sir Felix has been guilty of unprofessional conduct in revealing matters that should have been strictly confidential between himself and his patients.

***

AMONG other autobiographies announced as in preparation are "The Enchanted Past," by Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, daughter of Grisi, the famous soprano, and Mario, the no less famous tenor; "Behind the Curtain," by Henry Russell, the musical composer and former director at Covent Garden; "Soldiers and Statesmen," by Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, Chief of the General Staff in the great war; "Secret and Confidential," by Brig. Gen. W. H. H. Waters, who headed a military mission to Russia during the same conflict; "Camp and Court," by Major Gen. Sir Leopold Swaine, whose career has been largely of the same type, and "Rogues and Others," by Inspector Arrow, a well-known detective. It is understood that Lady Gregory of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, is also at work on her reminiscences.

The embers of old controversies will be roused into flame again by Sir Gerald Ellison's "The Perils of Amateur Strategy," dealing with the general problem of the conduct of war by democratic governments, with special reference to the attack on the Dardanelles. Its author was on the H. Q. Staff of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force in 1915. H. W. Wilson's "Battleships in Action" will review all the naval engagements of the last thirty years, and its second volume, occupied entirely with the World War, will seek to tell "all the truth about the Battle of Jutland." V. W. Germains is making good progress with his "History of the Kitchener Armies," but it is not likely to be ready until September. Messrs. Faber & Gwyer will issue shortly an English rendering of the ex-Crown Prince's book on war guilt, under the title "I Seek the Truth."

***

AHITHERTO unpublished poem by Sir Walter Scott, in the style of "Marmion," has been discovered lately.—H. M. Tomlinson is writing his first novel, a story of adventure to appear in the Fall.—The collecting of well-designed book jackets is becoming a popular hobby. At least one London publisher is prepared to sell for a few pence the jackets without their contents.—A battle of scholars may be expected to follow the publication by the Oxford Press of Professor Rostovtzeff's "The Early Roman Empire: Social and Economic Development." It is reported to undermine Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" and to dissolve Mommsen's view of the Roman provinces.—Roger Fry, the painter and art critic, and A. E. Lowe, reader in paleography at Oxford, have collaborated in preparing a historical discussion of "English Handwriting."—Jack McLaren, the adventurous Australian pioneer, will publish shortly a volume of verses written in pidgin English and entitled "Songs of a Fuzzy-Top."—C. J. Sisson's "Shakespeare in India" gives a curious account of the adaptation of the plays in the vernacular theatres of Bombay. In "Macbeth," for instance, not only are Macduff and Banquo run into a single character, but there is introduced a comic sub-plot, which has no connection whatever with the original plot.—In a review of Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry" J. C. Squire declares that, both in prose and in verse, there is more interesting work being done in America today than at any time since the great New England period.

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

An Attack on "Wishful Thinking"

THOBBING. By Henshaw Ward. 343 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

HENSHAW WARD, the author of one of the most readable and spontaneous of the flock of books about evolution, has now leaped into the literary palestra with an attack on the "wishful thinkers." In selecting "Thobbing" as the title of his new volume, the man who wrote "Evolution for John Doe" went beyond the covers of Webster's unabridged. "Thobbing" is a coined verb used by Mr. Ward to describe the obnoxious mental process, or mental reaction, by which we Think without scientific inquisitiveness, Hold an Opinion because we like it, and Believe something not through conviction but through desire.

"Thobbing" is described by Mr. Ward as a "gallery of pictures," designed neither to preach a sermon nor to launch a crusade, but to caution the need of keeping our estimate of our own reasoning power under an adequate balance-wheel. No better illustration of the principle involved can be given than to quote from the writer's pert and provocative introduction:

> If you dearly love a theory, you are thobbing. If you are curious about it, you are not thobbing. Suppose that a sternly scientific man feels like fighting when another scientist announces some new evidence that acquired characters can be inherited. Then he is thobbing. If he is curious about new evidence, he is a non-thobber. A man can believe in ghosts without thobbing, or he may be a mighty thobber when he despises some alleged evidence about ghosts. All depends on whether he lets himself wish that evidence would prove this or that.

From this we infer that there are all degrees of thobbing in the world. Mr. Ward quickly assures us that he has not yet erased his name from the roll of the culpable thobbers, since he is "enamored of science," while at the same time harboring "a strong prejudice against philosophy and formal logic." He confesses a real "dread" of psychology, and admits that he is unable to consider with impartiality the argument for manifold "spiritual forces" in the world.

Religious thobbing, sociological thobbing, "wishful thinking" about philosophy, law, war, education, economics all come within the elastic compass of Mr. Ward's genial diatribe. After the religious topic has been rather hastily discarded as "too big and fierce," a confused medley of ritualistic thobbing, Mr. Ward sets himself out to prove the fallacy of any "new psychology" revitalizing a world crammed with passion and prejudice. He finds Sinclair's suggestions for social alleviation fantastic, and decides that rich and poor have an equal measure of greed and cruelty, and will continue so ad infinitum.

In the realm of philosophy, where, Mr. Ward suggests, the layman may approach only with a nervous cough, on fear of castigation, we may run the full diapason of intellectual discord. Here is a Plato, whose wisdom seemed sacrosanct; yet Plato's tenets were not thob-proof and many of his ideas were mangled out of recognition by later dialecticians. Immanuel Kant, a gentleman of ethical stature, is rolled aside as a philosopher actuated by much dishonest thinking about will and consciousness. John Dewey, urbane and influential modern, is made to stand on Kant's corpse but thrust aside a moment later for Santayana, whose saving grace is his engaging humility and distrust of all "moral philosophy." Hegel is both abstruse and unimportant; Fichte a curb broker; William James old-fashioned. So goes the merry whirl of bowling over reputations. Choose for yourself whom of the Old Guard you will retain. The pursuit is, at least, a prickly irritant.

Then come the psychologists, intent on a world recipe for curing social ills. The Freudians leap over the earlier tortoises, and the behaviorists over the Freudians, in a jolly hop-skip-jump that leaves the end in doubt.

> Heads fall as rapidly in psychology as in philosophy. It is not a case of differences as are common in science, but of repudiating and decapitating. * * * Psychology was reared as an anteroom to philosophy, and so remained until fifteen years ago. But most modern psychologists laugh at philosophy.

Mr. Ward's arraignment of education is perhaps more pointed than his lassooing of the psychologists. He quotes Chancellor Bowman's statement, "The instructor's hope is to create in each student a habit of clear, creative thought," then asks just what this fulsome exhortation means. Where does the idea of scientific curiosity, of the non-thobber, fit into the methods of pedagogy? "Where?" repeats our musketeer of honest thinking, and then we have quoted an "inside expose" of the utter incompetence of teachers and the failure to grasp the difference between knowledge-experiments and mere drill.

Little encouragement is to be found in the other fields which are rapidly surveyed by this man who would puncture the armor of the crustaceous. Economics "may become a science—if we wait a hundred years." Law has assumed much, on a flimsy base of reality; it is in a constant whirligig of evolution and has its full share of subtle thobbing. The chaos of international thought on the problem of war is even more discouraging to many following the grandiloquent attempts of the Bok-troupe to buy an effective means of universal harmony. War exists in the hearts of men. The most acute clinical tappers have found no way of restoring health. Jingoism rides the waves and flares from the top of high turrets. What can result?

So it seems that only science—"the one activity," J. W. N. Sullivan said, "where man displays himself a truly rational creature," gives the race more of a forthright chance to follow its nose on the paths of inquiry. Scientists have more ways of checking up on the recognized fallacy of the human intellect in drawing conclusions. They are, as a rule, more detached from chicanery and less contentious than other denominations. Yet Liebig, in his day the world's premier chemist, flatly spurned the invitation of Pasteur to see if germs did not actually cause fermentation. And today the scientist, we infer, who goes beyond the limited field of his senses, may get into a wild palpitation of thobbing. But science has at least the proper method, and it was Pasteur, again, who said "the cultivation of science in its highest expression is perhaps more necessary to the moral condition than to the material prosperity of a nation."

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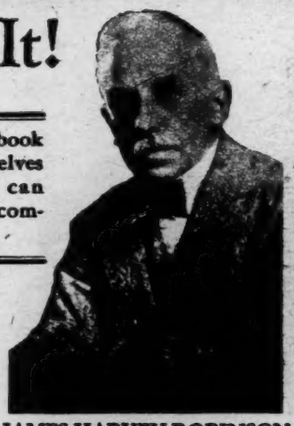

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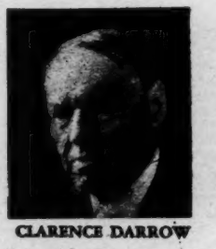

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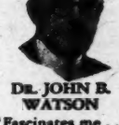

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

the children, for the most part irrepressibly wayward and wanton, with whom we have already been made familiar. There are those in their adolescent years who are more wanton still. The period of gestation of the child first born after marriage is invariably far shorter than the physiologically allotted span; and frequently the matter of the marriage has been neglected entirely. And all this village life, with its pathos and its humor, is calmly and dispassionately etched against the ever-alluring background of the English countryside. Indeed, so subtly do light and shade blend into each other that all seems involved in a mist of enchantment.

The censorious would find much to criticize; but to the reader who sees the fine artistry of Powys's work these people of his villages seem strangely devoid of wickedness. His peasants are as completely elemental as the rams and the bulls they turn out into the pastures. The author says in effect: Here is my village; I show you life as it goes on; do not try to interpret or to criticize; the tragedies are not so tragic as they seem; these are simple folk, and if from a sophisticated or a puritanic point of view they seem wanton and wayward they are no more to be judged by such standards than the hare which scuttles through the weeds, or, indeed, the weeds themselves.

The question is, of course, has Powys the right to demand so much? When we came upon his first story we accepted his people and their doings at his valuation, and were willing to subscribe to his theory of nonresponsibility. But the author's continued insistence on the doctrine raises doubts. So long as Powys's peasants are to be regarded as non-moral then the glamour of the idyll remains; but the moment that is questioned they are seen to be brutish and sordid, driveling idiots, each and every one objects of disgust, and the wayward and violated maidens objects of pity. Thus we have walked in a circle and are back at the starting point, for if Powys's characters are true depictions then the enchanting mist he casts around them is the mist of falseness. We make no attempt to answer the question, leaving the matter to the reader to decide for himself.

AT SALONIKI

GOD AND TONY HEWITT. By Albert Kinross. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

THERE seems to be a singular conviction on the part of some novelists that the only obligations in connection with a book should be assumed by the reader. The author himself may be as indirect, as vague or as discursive as he pleases; he may introduce his characters with the most casual carelessness, or even jerk them abruptly on to the scene without any introduction at all; he may not take the trouble to provide himself with a plot, or else may make it a patchwork affair composed of miscellaneous unrelated oddities; he may go to no pains at all to be interesting, and may turn even potentially entertaining situations into a dull recitation; and yet all the while he will expect the reader to follow him, to give every page its full attention, and to supply that patience and that care which the author did not manifest in the composition of the book.

These reflections apply in particular to "God and Tony Hewitt," which, to be sure, is no worse an offender than scores of other books that might be listed any season, but which none the less is typical of the modern practice of throwing the chief burden of a story upon the shoulders of the uncomplaining reader. This novel tells a tale that might have been interesting, but is not; it describes characters that might have been vital, but are not; it adumbrates a spiritual transformation that could have been profoundly moving, but instead is merely vague and unconvincing. Even a scene that might have been gallantly adventurous—the torpedoing of a transport during the war—is about the tamest affair that the present reviewer has encountered in many months; and in general the story proceeds so haltingly and with such pointless digressions that it is an effort for the reader to keep his eyes upon the printed page.

The plot may be outlined very briefly. Captain Tony Hewitt, a member of the British Saloniki force in 1917, is attracted by Vi Carter, a woman surgeon whom he has known since childhood. Returning home on leave, he sees how selfish and generally worthless is his wife, and also how unworthy is the man to whom Vi is engaged; and, upon his reappearance at Saloniki, he and Vi decide to readjust their lives regardless of previous entanglements. That is all there is to the story—no more, no less; and, to vitalize this somewhat threadbare theme, the author ends by preaching the doctrine of the ultimate emergence of the right:

> He had asked and it had been given; yet not in any manner that human foresight might have planned. * * * Out of the ashes of failure, out of the sweat and burden of despair, bloomed sudden, unhoped Aprils and dawns that broke with a new light.

STUDY IN FANATICISM

DEMIGODS. By John Biggs Jr. 230 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THIS new novel by John Biggs Jr. is fantastic, obscure, sensational, and sometimes brilliant. It is quite unconventional in pattern. It is impressionistic—probably, post-impressionistic is better—in its manner of treating eccentric characters. These characters act for the most part upon inspiration, the motivation of which is strange and cloaked with mysticism, and which impinges on abnormal forces. They are beyond the touch of reason. The life of the visionary, John Gault, is a passion-ridden phantasmagoria.

"Demigods" mirrors the behavior and aspiration of a man whose egoism is such that he believes himself singled out for the leadership of a great host to the heavenly Father. In his point of view is sharply revealed the difficulty, the futility, of any rational person having social traffic with a man so obsessed. Such is John Gault, a madman, whose tortured soul makes him a demigod and weakling whose very strength is his own destruction.

John Gault isn't born at the beginning of the novel. We are introduced to his father, Hosea Gault, who is the leader of an obscure religious sect, the Dunkards. The wanderings of this little group, the passionate dominance of Hosea, and the settlement of Boontown, in a gulf of the Presidential Range in New Hampshire, is set forth with much scenic description and religious exhortation. John Gault was born of a love match between the prophet of the Dunkards and sixteen-year-old Aurora Merton. "Their marriage came to pass within a month." Thus, John became the prophetical second advent of the blood of Hosea Gault. The Dunkards, assembled for the occasion, rejoiced at the birth of a successor to Hosea.

This narrative of Hosea somewhat foreshadows the future of John, definitely fixes his heredity, and helps to make his life believable to the reader. Before, however, John is a grown man, he acts a more conventional rôle, and, after an act of violence, in the prodigal manner runs away to see the world. This incident is accompanied by an emotionally chronicled account of his escape, his trek down the mountains, all of which is quite glamourous, but hardly clarifies his motif, which is befuddled.

John is a man at home with chaos. The civilized world is alien to him. Because he is at home with chaos, he is drawn to men of his nature, and makes his way where others wouldn't even dare to intrude. His individuality at first is ignorant of the ways of civilized life—for shortly after his arrival in Philadelphia he attempts to carry a dance girl right off the stage—and though later he becomes the newspaper owner of a syndicate of papers his ways are hardly those of the usual norm.

To John Gault came the will to power. It came to him without resilience or restraint. He is taken with a religious frenzy and like his father would lead the people to his vision.

This effort of John brought him to jail and his sanity was questioned. Later, he attained great wealth. He keeps a mistress. He becomes a grandiose, vain figure. He throws over his mistress and attempts to win a cold, beautiful woman. He neglects his business and runs for Governor of his State and is overwhelmingly defeated. Without any effort to save his wealth, he takes to the open road with several other half-cracked fanatics. To prove

(Continued on Page 22)

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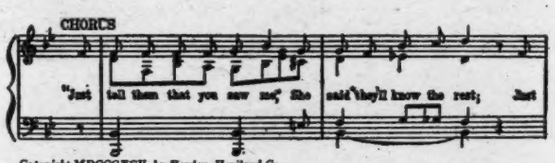

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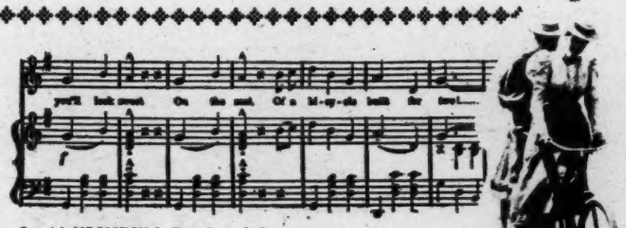

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"Principles of Physical Optics," Ernst Mach. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Poems of E. E. Cummings," E. E. Cummings. (Boni & Liveright.)

"A History of Spiritualism," A. Conan Doyle. (George H. Doran Company.)

THE Roycrofters at their shops in East Aurora have brought out a handsome memorial edition of Elbert Hubbard's famous "A Message to Garcia." It consists of photographic reproductions of the original manuscript, on Imperial Japan vellum, the whole enclosed in a beautiful leather portfolio. Each portfolio contains also a portrait of Elbert Hubbard and several pages of typewritten manuscript, corrected in his own handwriting, their genuineness attested by Elbert Hubbard 2d. The edition is limited to 495 copies and the price is $25 per copy.

The Oxford University Press, American Branch, has published for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace a three-volume work entitled "Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States Concerning the Independence of the Latin-American Nations," selected and arranged by William R. Manning, Ph. D., of the Division of Latin-American Affairs, Department of State. The documents included date almost exclusively from the years 1810-1830, and most of them have not previously been published. The editor has endeavored to include all documents which have any historical value, and when in doubt has preferred to err on the side of inclusion. The collating and editing of such enormous quantities of material as it was necessary to examine was a colossal task made possible by the financial support of the Carnegie Endowment. The value of the work to historians and students of Latin-American affairs can hardly be overestimated.

The subject of Dr. J. G. Carter Troop's free lecture at the Hotel Majestic this afternoon at 3:30 will be "Disraeli and Gladstone," by D. C. Somervell and "Disraeli, Alien Patriot," by E. T. Raymond, both published by the George H. Doran Company. This will be Dr. Troop's last lecture in this series for the present season. He will lecture once a week for the next month at Galen Hall, Atlantic City.

"Is God's Word?" an inquiry into the authority of the Testaments, by Joseph Wheless, published originally by The Wheless Publishers, New York, has been taken over by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., and will be issued under the imprint of that firm.

The Child Study Association of America has prepared for the Camp Directors' Association a pamphlet entitled "Summer Reading for Children." The books listed in it are for children from 8 to 14 years of age and are classified according to ages and also according to subjects, including fiction and adventure, biography, animal stories, short stories, Bible stories, science and invention, reference books, plays for children, poetry and old favorites in good editions.

Two new volumes have just been added to the Ronald Aeronautic Library published by the Ronald Press. "Balloon and Airship Gases," by Colonel C. deF. Chandler and Lieutenant Walter S. Diehl (U. S. N.), is a manual of information on the production, handling and storage of gases. Besides describing the hydrogen and coal-gas processes, it contains a chapter on helium. "Aircraft Instruments," by Herbert N. Eaton and six other specialists of the Aeronautic Instruments Section of the United States Bureau of Standards, describes 175 makes and types of instruments—practically every kind in use today. The first volume of this series, "Aeronautical Meteorology," by Willis Ray Gregg, was published last October. Other volumes are in preparation.

William Beebe's "Arcturus Adventure," publication of which has several times been delayed owing to various unforeseen circumstances, is now definitely announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons to appear on Monday, May 24.

In a review of Robert Herrick's "Chimes in THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW for May 2, reference is made to Mr. Herrick as being the author of "Unleaven Bread." This is a double error. The title should be "Unleavened Bread," and the author of that novel is not Robert Herrick, but Robert Grant.

The title of C. E. Scoggins's new book, previously announced as "Once Upon a Time," has been changed to "The Red Gods Call." The title is taken from Kipling's "The Feet of the Young Men." The book will be published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Lilian Eichler, author of "Book of Etiquette" and "The Customs of Mankind," is broadcasting from Station WGBS every Monday afternoon from 3:20 to 3:30. Her subject is "Well-Bred English." Her book bearing the same title will be published in the Fall by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Sax Rohmer, author of "Fu Manchu," "Bat Wing" and other thrillers, recently paid a visit to his American publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co. Speaking of his early literary experiences, he said that his first short story, "The Man in the White Hat," written during his early school days, was rejected by every periodical published in Great Britain. The young author conceived the idea of getting together a complete collection of these harbingers of defeat, and at the age of 19 he had one wall of his den papered with a design made up of editorial regrets. It is not upon record that Mr. Rohmer has made any recent additions to his collection.

Sinclair Lewis, as you know, has refused the Pulitzer Prize for his novel, "Arrowsmith." From his statement to the Prize Committee we gather that it isn't the money he doesn't care for, it's the principle of the thing.

For light Summer reading we recommend "Riemannian Geometry," published by the Princeton University Press. Here is a gem from it which we find quoted in the May Princeton University Press Almanac under the heading:

A WISE-CRACK BY THE DEAN

"In a flat space of n dimensions any orthogonal ennuple of non-null directions at a point are tangent to the curves of intersection of the hypersurfaces of an n-tuply orthogonal system."—Luther Pfahler Eisenhart, in Riemannian Geometry.

Sylvia Townsend Warner, author of "Lolly Willowes or the Loving Huntsman," published by the Viking Press, is a niece of Arthur Machen. Not that is matters particulary, but we seem to remember hearing somebody ask "Who is Sylvia?"

"The Music of the Spheres: A Nature Lover's Astronomy," previously announced for earlier publication by the Macmillan Company, is now definitely scheduled for May 25. The author, Florence Armstrong Grondal, is the wife of Professor Bror Grondal of the College of Forestry, University of Michigan.

Early in June, E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish in their Oriental Series "Women in Ancient India," by Clarisse Bader, and "Arabian Medicine," by Donald Campbell. The latter work is in two volumes and deals chiefly with the influence of Arabian medicine upon medieval Europe.

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England's Dilemma

(Continued from Page 1)

Therefore, the adoption of any means tending to increase the productivity per capita will increase the national wealth.

Secretary Hoover's report of the Department of Commerce is quoted to prove the point. The authors cite figures from it which show that wages in this country have been substantially increased during the past five years while prices have actually gone down—making, for labor, a double gain. But the reverse has been true of Great Britain. Wages there have been drastically reduced, and while prices have also gone down, they have not declined as far—a double economic loss for the British workingman.

Three other principles of lesser importance, failure to recognize which have been a handicap for the British, the authors have found at the root of America's prosperity.

The success of an enterprise is, in large measure, dependent upon a strict adherence to the policy of promotion of staff by merit and ability only. * * *

It is better that labor should be rewarded by wages bearing some relation to output rather than by a fixed wage. * * *

A free exchange of ideas between competing firms should be advocated. * * *

It is important that every possible attention should be given to the welfare of employes.

A book like this suffers, of course, from oversimplification. All American business men have not the genius of Henry Ford. The Passaic strike has been a reminder that wages are often far from satisfactory to the American workingman and that industrial disputes in this country are not a thing of the past. Next year the same issues are due to be raised in the bituminous coal industry here that lie at the root of the British coal strike. On the other hand, all British employers are not as old-fashioned as the reader might think. Lord Leverhulme, for example, was the modern, progressive capitalist par excellence, and was known as such the world over. But, by and large, the picture is undoubtedly correct. And merely as a thumbnail summary of the principles of progressive industrialism in the United States it is both stimulating and suggestive.

Dean Briggs, Leader of Youth

(Continued from Page 6)

Spring, until the automobile drove the horse off the roads, the dean was seen almost daily astride one or another of his mounts, headed for the path about Fresh Pond or on his way toward the hills of Arlington or Belmont.

Reference has already been made to Dean Briggs's book of charades; yet the dean did not confine his poetic powers to the light task of composing puzzles in rhyme. But for the many academic duties which left him little or no time for composition, Dean Briggs would doubtless be known as one of America's poets of note. He combined sureness of metric touch with a lofty mind, and when occasion permitted the exercise of his talents he turned out poetry of a high order. A review of the biography of this quiet and great man can come to no more fitting close than by giving one stanza from Dean Briggs's Phi Beta Kappa poem, with the line at the end which so exactly expresses the dean himself, although his modesty would never allow him to turn it to himself, even should the thought occur to him.

From the North, from the South,
from the East, from the West
They come, to be born again;
To the North, to the South, to the
East, to the West
They go, to prove them men.
In the field, at the desk, at the
court, in the mart,
With the joy in their eyes and
the fire in their heart,
To struggle, to strive, to obey, to
command,
To work, and to leaven the land.

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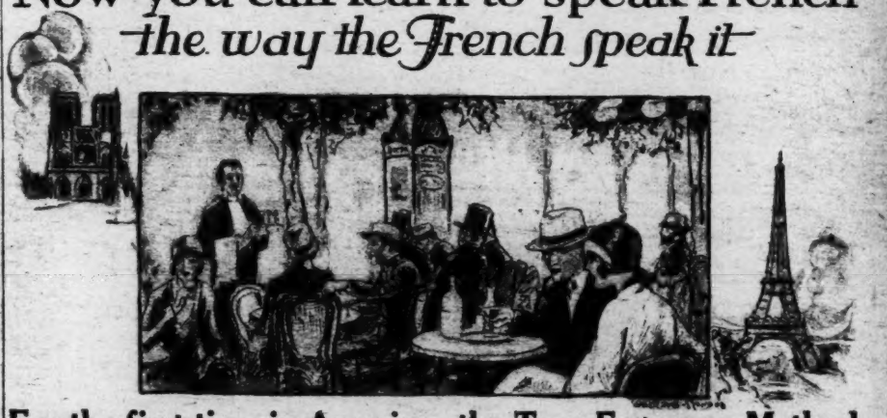

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Brief Reviews

BRITISH GOVERNMENT

HOW BRITAIN IS GOVERNED. By Kate Rosenberg, B. A. Preface by Viscount Haldane of Cloan. 98 pp. New York: People's Institute Publishing Company. $1.

THE salient features in the constitutional system of Great Britain are here explained. The British Constitution is largely unwritten; it is undefined, elastic, always undergoing modification. To understand its workings today one must understand the theories of government in the days of the Stuarts and the Tudors. Miss Rosenberg brings to her survey a knowledge of both the past and the present. In concise, nontechnical language she traces the development of the idea of kingship and of representative government, shows the relation of the sovereign to his ministers, explains the legislative and executive functions of the governing bodies. In less than a hundred pages she brings together information that a student might spend hours, even days, searching for elsewhere. In his preface Viscount Haldane praises her for her careful inquiry, concluding, "The elector will vote with a greater sense of responsibility if he masters the lessons inculcated in this brief volume. * * *"

ASTRONOMY SIMPLIFIED

ASTRONOMY TODAY. By the Abbé Th. Moreux. Translated by C. F. Russell, M. A. Illustrated. 256 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

THE general facts of astronomy are here presented so simply and so clearly that no adult mind can fail to grasp them. The approach to the subject is the one made by the average person, who thinks of astronomy in terms of the sun, moon, stars, planets and comets. Each of these heavenly bodies is given a separate chapter of illuminating text. The explanations are all in terms of the most recent discoveries in the general field of science. The author sets out to prove the uses of astronomy to the world. That it is useful is a foregone conclusion to most thinking men; yet no less distinguished a person than the mathematician Henri Poincaré a few years ago referred to the astronomer's night watches as a tedious and irksome task. And many others, claims the author, brand as sterile the work of Kepler, Newton, d'Alembert, Laplace and Tisserand.

Throughout, the treatment of the subject is objective and interesting enough to claim the reader's attention easily for hours at a stretch. Not until the final pages of the final chapter does he come upon a speculative discussion of the beginnings of things. The author considers it madness to assume that matter could have imposed its own laws upon itself. Almost humorous is his suggestion, "Even if we admit that the ultimate particles are endowed with some kind of consciousness, we can with difficulty imagine the procedure of a universal referendum, a sort of plebiscite tending to a general agreement on the part of materials which are evolving in systems separated from one another by intervals that are reckoned in hundreds of light-years." A plebiscite of all the particles in the celestial and terrestrial world? What a tumult and confusion there would be!

Instead, his conclusion is that matter is urged on by necessity:

> A higher force, and one quite distinct from it, has imposed upon it a determinate mode of action. Thus, behind the transparent veil of phenomena, there stands revealed the part played by Creative Thought, always youthful, always present, always at work. * * *

"MERRIE ENGLAND"

ELIZABETHAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By M. St. Clare Byrne, M. A. Illustrated. 294 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

BY a prodigious amount of labor and painstaking research the author has evolved this picture of the ordinary way of life in Elizabethan days. Literature and the passing of time have invested the era with romance, but honest scholarship, like this, dismisses many of the picturesque anecdotes as apocryphal and dispels the notion of a "merrie England" that never was. For those who are constantly decrying the vulgarity and the noisiness of our age and looking back to the good old days, this pursuit of the truth about the past should serve as a wholesome antidote. Human nature does not alter greatly.

There is scarcely a phase of everyday life that is not touched upon here. The chapter on the Queen's highway opens with this tantalizing sentence: "To travel, for an Elizabethan, did not always mean to arrive, but it usually meant to adventure, for the risks of the road were many." As to dress, we are told that the period offered no beauty of form or outline. Never has the human body been more amazingly disguised, disfigured and distorted.

> Gigantic cartwheel ruffs that reduced the head to insignificance, wide farthingales that telescoped the legs to disproportionate shortness, huge bombasted breeches that gave the wearer a shrunken shank are but three of the atrocities designed to pervert every line and destroy the true proportion of the limbs. * * * The earlier modes for women and the simpler forms of men's dress were comely enough, if fantastic; but the typical Elizabethan fashion at its height is a misshapen nightmare of stiffness that affronts every lover of the beautiful in costume. * * *

There are separate chapters devoted to the furnishing of the houses, food, general habits of life, theatres, education, religion. The Queen's mapmaker, John Norden, is given the credit he deserves as the one topographer of the time who made a real, if crude, attempt to describe the English countryside. He did not put all that he saw into print; the real details showing his interest in humanity are found in his manuscripts. In his weather-stained, threadbare coat he rode his horse over the roads of the Home Counties, not always free from want; for though he went about her Majesty's business he more than once found her a tardy paymaster. Observing, pleasant-spoken, always inquiring, he is one of the outstanding figures of the period.

The bibliography at the end of the volume gives an idea of the amount of research that this task has required. The references to the literary material alone suggest years of labor. The result is a faithful chronicle of Everyman, stripped of the glamour with which tradition has surrounded him, yet none the less absorbing because he emerges a real person with many amusing foibles and with about as many virtues as his prototype today.

INDIAN UNREST

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEDAL. By Edward Thompson. 143 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.50.

WITH unmistakable sincerity and with a fervor born of conviction, the author of this little volume pleads for a fairer telling by Great Britain of the story of the Indian Mutiny of 1857. Once its events were glorified to serve political ends. Now that discontent with British rule is spreading in India and constantly gathering momentum, the time has come to stop and read the handwriting on the wall: to serve political, as well as humanitarian, ends, it is well for England to understand the word—none commoner—on the lips of Indians today. That word of atonement, or, better, a gesture. "It is not larger measures of self-government for which they are longing; it is the magnanimous gesture of a great nation, so great that it can afford to admit mistake and wrongdoing, and is too proud to distort facts." The hour has come for a generous rewriting of one of the darkest chapters in the whole history of British colonial administration.

Mr. Thompson has made the beginning. The other side of the medal is not the shining side recording the deeds of British heroism during the siege of Lucknow. It is the side that is blurred by British atrocities and bloodthirstiness. "The Book of Joshua, by comparison, is a gentle and chivalrous record." It would be unfair to the author to quote from the passages showing British wrongdoing. His book must be read as a whole for an understanding of the spirit in which it is written. A loyal Britisher himself, he does not want to stir up bitter feelings against his own country. For a long time his book was suppressed. Even now he has misgivings about offering it to the American public lest it be put to mischievous uses. He has seen how India has suffered from misapplied help of some so-called Amer-

(Continued on Page 23)

Have You Booked Your Ride On the Pink Pig?

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In Paris:
"I'd like to kiss the tip of your nose." Then, with no more restraint than a maniac: "And one of those curls at the back of your neck," he continued, losing all caution.
"Also your upper lip and the tiny mole in the centre of your chin. Hell!"
A rosy flush bathed Denise in an ecstatic flood. They were very happy. A gentleman in the centre of the room, slightly embittered with the passing years, said:
"Look at those two idiots. Disgusting self-absorption, as usual. Ego, Ego, eternal Ego! Why, she's positively swooning with admiration for that good-looking dumb-bell. Revolting!"
His companion thought they were rather sweet.

In New York:
"And I suppose your logic and French morality argue that it is all right, then, for girls to take lovers?" he demanded.
"Ah, no, I don't say it is all right, but one still must be fond of them. One does not see them suddenly as different people," Denise tried to explain, threw out a protesting hand which begged him to understand.
"I've tried to believe that your talk was a bluff of sophistication and childish nonsense, that the way you banged about Paris was harmless, that your friends were decent enough people, but, God, now I know what a dupe I've been. Tell me, have you put your theories into practice?"

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Current Magazines

IN her essay "On a Certain Condescension in Americans," in the May Atlantic Monthly, Agnes Repplier reminds us that fifty-seven years ago the same periodical printed an essay by James Russell Lowell entitled "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," in which the distinguished poet protested in a good-tempered way at Europe's attitude toward our country. Miss Repplier finds that now the shoe is on the other foot. It is America that gives itself airs of superiority over Europe and for no demonstrable reason excepting our material prosperity. Too many of us, she fears, accept this prosperity as the just reward of our virtues instead of acknowledging that it is largely the result of our exceptionably favorable situation as regards natural resources and freedom from aggression. She believes that an attitude of proper humility would be more becoming to us and more likely to result in the adding unto us of other virtues in addition to those that we have.

There are two articles on religion in this number of The Atlantic. "The Challenge: The Buddha and the Christ," by L. Adams Beck, is a comparison between Eastern and Western ideas of spiritual things; and "What Is a Religious Man?" by Joseph Fort Newton, is an inquiry into the real meaning of religion. Truly terrible conditions in a Southern prison are pictured by Carl Christian Jensen in "Our Convict Slaves." "The Sanctity of Law" is discussed by F. Lyman Windolph. Frances Lester Warner gives the title "Syrup" to an essay in praise of cooking. Earnest Elmo Calkins tells "The Truth About Advertising" from an advertising man's point of view. Other articles are "Bee No. 500," by Charlotte Burghes; "What's in a Picture?" by Walter F. Isaacs; "Changelings at Our Hearthside," by Walter Samuel Swisher; "Surgery in the Wilderness," by Mary W. Griscom; "The Passing of the Great Cardinal," by Charlotte Kellogg; "Mussolini," by Robert Sencourt, and "Those Wild Men of the Clyde," by Charles Runford Walker. There are stories by Emily James Putnam and Kenneth Phillips Britton and poems by Alice Brown and Robert Hillyer.

In the "Three Poems" of R. Ellsworth Larsson printed in the May issue of The Dial there is not one single punctuation mark, and there are only three capital letters. It may be that these three are typographical errors and that the enraged poet is even now demanding the head of the delinquent compositor upon a charger. The arrangement of lines, while not quite so eccentric as that affected by some exponents of the new poetry, is yet strange enough to make it difficult to conceive its purpose unless it be to divert attention from the really exquisite rhythm. As for example in these stanzas from the "Song for Reeds":

O let us find
some place where
silence opens
frond on frond

some place
where I may watch
your eyes
unfold the flowered words

your lips
can only bring
to
bud

Besides these poems the May Dial contains "Yeats and His Story," by John Eglinton; "Nine Prose Poems," by Rainer Maria Rilke; "Tactics," a story by Julian Thorpe; "The Art of the Bullfight," by Waldo Frank. "The Wood-Carver," being portions of a play entitled "Sangre de Cristo," by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant; poems by Hart Crane and Scofield Thayer; book reviews by W. C. Blum, Malcolm Cowley, Marianne Moore and Henry McBride; "Berlin Letters," by Scofield Thayer; "The Theatre," by E. E. Cummings; "Modern Art," by Henry McBride; "Musical Chronicle," by Paul Rosenfeld. "Comment," by the editors; and a number of illustrations, only one of which, Emil Orlik's etching of Hermann Bahr, means anything to the untutored mind of the present writer.

The Zionist is a new fortnightly magazine published at 60 East Twenty-third Street, New York City. It is the organ of the League of Zionists Revisionists of America, an organization within the ranks of the Zionists. The magazine is edited by Johan J. Smertenko, formerly with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., and Colonel Vladimir Jabotinsky. Its program is summed up in the closing paragraph of a statement by the editors:

> The Zionist presents its program as a free journal to furnish full and honest information of conditions in Palestine and in the Zionist organizations of the world; as the organ of Revisionism to press militantly and indomitably the demand that the British Government live up to the terms of its promises; as the medium of American Zionists to indicate and encourage American thought and ideals of Zionist policy; and as an expression of Jewish interests to study the cultural and political, social and economic implications of a National Homeland in Palestine.

The American-Scandinavian Review for May is an Ericsson Memorial number. It contains pictures of the new John Ericsson Memorial in Washington, D. C.; an article, "The Memorial—Its Genesis," by Henry Goddard Leach, and another, "John Ericsson, Civil Engineer," by James Creese. There are tributes to Ericsson from Secretaries Wilbur and Hoover, from Admirals Sims and Eberle and from Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin. Other articles are "Sweden's Crown Prince as an Archaeologist," by Sven Hedin, and "A Royal Democrat" (Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden), by a staff correspondent.

The National Geographic Magazine for May contains as a special supplement a reproduction in color of Sir John E. Millais's painting, "Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh." There are also eighteen natural color photographs by Charles Martin and Jacob Gayer grouped under the general heading, "Exploring the Atlantic Seaboard With a Color Camera." The travel articles, all illustrated, are "Motor-Coaching Through North Carolina," by Melville Chater; "The Ashley River and Its Gardens," by E. T. H. Shaffer, and "London From a Bus Top," by Herbert Corey.

In the course of an article entitled "A Woman I Would Like to Marry," in The Pictorial Review for May, Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer presents what appears to be a perfectly good definition of the much-used phrase "a sense of humor." His idea is that a sense of humor is "nothing more than a sense of proportion, the ability to see things and people in their relative values." The definition may seem at first blush to apply to those who measure everything by the inflexible yardstick of science, but really it does not, for such persons too frequently ignore those values which science in its present imperfect state is incapable of measuring. A sense of humor, by the way, is one of the qualities Mr. Hergesheimer thinks a wife should have. This issue of The Pictorial Review contains special articles by Willy Clarkson, Mary Fitch Watkins and Doris Lee Ashley; fiction by Roger Burlingame, George Gibbs, Charles Caldwell Dobie, Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, James Gould Cozzens and Susan Meriwether Boogher, besides the regular departments, "Home-Making," "Fashions of the Month," &c.

In The Red Book Magazine for May are instalments of four serials, "Two Flights Up," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "The Way of Dionysia," by Robert W. Chambers; "Tides," by Julian Street, and "The Old Home Town," by Rupert Hughes. The short stories are "The Professional Friend," by Leroy Scott; "Spring and the Beautiful Blonde," by Thyra Samter Winslow; "Coth at Porutus," by James Branch Cabell; "Mrs. Rooney Deals Again," by Arthur Mason; "The Teensy Treasure," by James Francis Dwyer; "Mr. Peters Holds the Bridge," by Robert Benchley; "These Things Will Happen," by Harold MacGrath; "The Feeder," by Mildred Cram, and "The Magic Pen," by Ben Hecht. In the department entitled "The Spirit of Our Day," we find an essay, "Me," by Angelo Patri; a poem, "As the World Looks," by Edgar A. Guest, and an editorial, "Ten More Years of Life," by Bruce Barton.

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CENTURY—Enduring Books

Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 16)

the efficacy of his prophetical rôle, he walked into a burning brick kiln and is removed from this turbulent sphere in flames.

There is much that is fascinating in this novel. But in many ways, like the character of John Gault, its peculiar distortions defeat its purpose. Its jerky episodic method of jumping John from one place to another is disconcerting to the reader. He is not easy to understand, but his curious nature demands to be made more explicit. The ordering of the material could have helped to bring this out by being better proportioned. In his writing, the author's emphasis is upon the sentence, rather than the paragraph. This demands singularly brilliant writing, and all of Mr. Briggs's epigrams don't come off. Even Wilde made the paragraph his medium of unity. But for all these technical defects, there is in "Demigods" much power, bewildering character attraction, and a romanticism that is lusty and colorful.

BEAUTY IN COMMON FOLK

THE EVERLASTING BEAUTY. By Theodocia Pearce. 281 pp. New York: Joseph Lauren. $2.

THEODOCIA PEARCE chose her title for this novel with a sure sense of fitness, for her sensitiveness to beauty, both material and spiritual, is in evidence all through its pages. Especially is it concerned with the beauty that is everlasting in the lives of common folk who have good hearts, gentle souls and longing for whatever is fine and true and lovely. The story is about a family of middle-aged husband and wife, two daughters and a son—an ordinary family of workaday people who live comfortably, but whose income needs careful spending. The husband has long ago realized that he will never reach a higher position than he has held for many years, and the wife suffers from repressed longings for more leisure, beauty and opportunity to enjoy the finer things of life. But she continues to spend herself unstintingly for the comfort and happiness and good of husband and children. The young people are inclined to take all that she gives so freely, but now and then have upbraidings of conscience that they should begin to spend themselves a little for her sake.

The mother holds the centre of the interest most of the time and it is her fine and lovely nature, more than anything else in the story, that gives the book its title. How her influence finally rescues her son from an unworthy love affair, puts her unmarried daughter on the road to happiness and clears the way for more intimate understanding between her husband and herself, makes the theme of the story. But its appeal lies more in its tender sentiment and its almost passionate appreciation of the beauty of whatever is sweet and fine in daily life. The story of Theodocia Pearce's own life is in itself as thrilling as any fiction, for she has won through the misfortunes and handicaps of much physical disability and has begun to tackle life with wonderful courage and energy. An unusual personality shines through her fiction, which shows also much understanding of human nature and high confidence in its spiritual powers.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND.

THE FINAL COUNT. By H. C. McNeile. 296 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

READERS of the earlier "Bulldog Drummond" stories will of course recall Carl Peterson, the arch-villain whose activities time and again put Drummond's physical and mental powers to the severest tests. He appears again in this book, and, since the author tells us so in his introductory chapter, we reveal no secret in saying that he appears for the last time. If Mr. McNeile ever wishes to resurrect him, as Conan Doyle once resurrected Sherlock Holmes, he will have to perform a miracle, for Carl Peterson is most thoroughly and efficiently eliminated.

The story begins with a cry for help over the telephone summoning John Stockton, the man who tells the story, to the rooms of his friend, Robin Gaunt. Arriving there, Stockton finds the room splashed with blood, but Gaunt has disappeared. When the police come to investigate they find, behind the window curtain, the dead body of Gaunt's little dog. A policeman touches the body and drops dead almost instantly. That is a fair sample of what happens all through the book. All of the deaths that occur—and there are many of them—are as sudden and mysterious as that. Only Stockton and a few others have the slightest inkling as to what caused the deaths. They knew that Robin Gaunt, a brilliant young scientist, had, when the war came to an end, almost perfected something which would, in his own words, cause "universal, instantaneous death over as large or as small an area as is desired." They know, too, that he has recently resumed his experiments, backed by a rich Australian, and that he has an appointment with officials of the British War Office to show his perfected invention. Just what that invention is nobody knows.

It is at this point that Bulldog Drummond comes into the story. Drummond, it will be remembered, is a young man who hunts down criminals for the pure love of excitement. He has no official standing as a detective, and is, as a matter of fact, rather unpopular with those who have, presumably because he has, on more than one occasion, shown them to be in the wrong. Scotland Yard does not welcome his assistance in this particular case, but that makes no difference to Drummond. He suspects almost from the very first that the man responsible for the atrocious murders that follow closely upon the disappearance of Robin Gaunt is no other than his old enemy, Carl Peterson, whom he has long sought and who has thus far eluded him.

The reader who loves excitement will find plenty of it in this book. Peterson is a super-villain and Drummond is a super-detective, and this their last contest is a fight to the finish. Startling events follow upon each other so rapidly that there is no point where the reader, provided he likes quick-fire stuff and is not fussy about the probabilities, can lay down the book and say, "I'll finish this tomorrow." One cannot help wondering whether Mr. McNeile will ever write another Bulldog Drummond story. With Carl Peterson dead, it would seem that Drummond's occupation is gone. And yet there is something in the warning uttered by the mysterious lady in black in the last chapter that makes one thing there may be more to come.

JEWS IN RUSSIA

THE TENTS OF JACOB. By Hyman Cohen. 367 pp. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.50.

THE TENTS OF JACOB" is as homely and robustious as a Dutch interior by Franz Hals and as vividly colored. The community of Jews in Russia passes through the seasons of the natural year and the calendar of ritualistic holidays; the people, without being aware of it, experience a similar duality of existence. Hyman Cohen's characters are grouped about the ancient struggle between the rigidly traditional law of the tribe and the promptings of individualized impulse. It falls to the lot of the red-haired, bountiful, lovely woman, Sorke, to look outside her meagre mockery of a home for her fulfillment. The hope of the village for a splendid and renowned Talmudic scholar, a great rabbi, in Raphael, is brought to nothing by Raphael's fanatic devotion to scientific truth. The little town of Zemliana plays chorus to the travails of Sorke and Raphael, hounds them for their breach of the Judaic faith.

While Mr. Cohen's sympathies are engaged in behalf of the two rebels, Sorke and Raphael, he does not falsify his picture in their interest. He presents an appealing vision of the tranquil piety which is the finest expression of devout orthodoxy, temperamentally fitted to the conserving and transmitting of a racial inheritance of lore and custom. The procession of feasts and fasts, with their underlying significance, give a convincing conception of life "in Zion." Mr. Cohen, however, does not spare his black strokes; he exhibits the narrowness, the superstition, the complacency and the intolerance which is the antipode and yet the affirmation of the accepted mode of existence.

The abundant, fecund Sorke is married to the impotent, mincing half-man, Avremel. Their relationship is reticently yet indelibly indicated. Mr. Cohen exhibits a striking impersonal intimacy with regard to

(Continued on Page 24)

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from Page 20)

ican friends of freedom, and believes that they should be able to find more useful occupation nearer their own Statue of Liberty.

Perhaps he overemphasizes the influence of the Mutiny and its memories on the Indian mind. Are those memories really the cause of the present discontent? Has his own way of thinking become Mutiny-obsessed? To judge for himself, the reader should turn again to the standard historians, Malleson, Kaye, Vincent Smith and others. "There is no epoch in the history of Great Britain in which the men and women of these islands shone with greater lustre than throughout this period of 1857-9," writes Malleson, for instance. And this, half in answer, from Mr. Thompson: "Some day we shall have a reading public who will see that the Mutiny, interpreted in terms of the old story of the battle between the Angels of Light and the Angels of Darkness, is as dull as Milton's angelic battles."

The reader can also judge by the situation in India today. The unrest is not a passing thing. It is growing and consolidating daily. Blind patriotism and ideals of empire-building become suddenly ineffectual in the face of it. "There is long overdue a new orientation in the histories of India." For that orientation Mr. Thompson has begun to blaze the way.

CHILDREN'S BEHAVIOR

***GOOD MANNERS FOR CHILDREN.** By Elsie C. Mead and Theodora Mead Abel, Ph. D. Introduction by Henry N. MacCracken, Ph. D. 157 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.*

COMMON sense forms the basis of this manual on conduct, which emphasizes motives rather than external forms of social expression. In his introduction Dr. MacCracken strikes the keynote:

> And good manners are nothing more or less than the effort of people to do beautifully what somehow is to be got through in a day's work. Beauty is the power that gives rest to the soul. It comforts and heartens. The spirit that lives close to beauty will go all the way, as Antolycus sang; the discontented and churlish nature will not digest life, but will tire in a mile.

Here are practical, helpful suggestions on points of etiquette. When a child has not enjoyed a party and frankly tells his mother that he would be untruthful if he said that he had, she should not neglect to point out that the fault was probably his: "If you give others a good time you are bound to have a good time yourself!" In games the child should be taught to be a good loser and a graceful winner, the best definition of a sportsman. He must learn to lose without excuses and apologies. At the table he should realize the why of good manners. Each "don't" should be accompanied by a "because"—an explanation that his carelessness in matters of good form interferes with the comfort of others.

One section of the volume is devoted to the problems of the unusual child—the spoiled child, the shy child, the only child and the nervous child. The treatment of some of the most difficult problems in juvenile psychology is necessarily brief, but it is sufficiently stimulating to quicken the interest of the mother or teacher in pursuing the subject further. For such pursuit the bibliography that concludes this manual will be helpful.

LONDON RAMBLES

***THE FRINGE OF LONDON: Being Some Adventures in Topography.** By Gordon S. Maxwell. Illustrated by Donald Maxwell. 254 pp. New York: Brentano's. $2.50.*

ON the beaten track of the countryside surrounding London the author has picked up the stray bits of information and folklore that make up this highly readable and entertaining volume. He has found the way of the topographical rambler sometimes hard, often muddy, usually interesting, but never dull. "I will be a pilgrim as the world lasteth," is the legend he has chosen, from "Piers Plowman," for the title page.

He follows the track of John Gilpin from London to Ware, a memory-haunted highway. The shades of the strangely assorted company that from time to time traversed it may even now meet there o' nights. He inspects Bolingbroke House, in Battersea, follows the valley of the Tillingbourne, learns the pathetic story of the bunch of dried-up buns in the ceiling of "The Widow's Son," a public house in East End. Is it a coincidence—or a literary device—that when he met a gipsy queen of seventeen sunburned Summers on Epsom Downs he happened to be carrying a copy of "Lavengro"? He revives the story of the famous murder at Radlett that furnished "copy" for Walter Scott, Lord Lytton, Charles Dickens, Carlyle, Hazlitt, Edward Fitzgerald, G. M. Trevelyan, Lamb, George Borrow and many others. Under Ebury Bridge, over Grosvenor Canal, leading from Chelsea Bridge to Victoria, he stumbled upon what had been a mortuary but which had been converted into an office for the unemployed and distressed. It was a serious, conservative organization of workingmen who really wanted work rather than doles, and so were hated by the "Red" organizations. Its members aimed to help each other by cooperative effort—"self-help" for the genuine unemployed. No wonder Mr. Maxwell calls the place the Most Curious Office in England.

The charming drawings in black and white by Mr. Donald Maxwell carry out the spirit of mystery and romance of these forgotten nooks. Both text and illustrations will tempt many a reader to explore this fringe of London for himself. He must remember, warns the author, that there will be days at a time when he will "draw blank." But to follow a false scent often leads to a new surprise and an unexpected result.

MODERN WHALING

***THE WHALERS OF AKUTAN.** By Knut B. Birkeland. Illustrated. 171 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.*

EQUIPPED with a theological background, an insatiable desire for adventure and sixty years of experience with life, the author of this volume stumbled into his first whaling expedition. It took him to Akutan, an Aleutian island lying 2,000 miles from Japan and the same distance from Seattle. The group is interesting, since a new island comes up out of the water every now and then. One appeared in 1796, another in 1883 and one each in 1906 and 1907. When the islands were discovered, in 1741, the inhabitants numbered approximately 2,500. Now there are probably less than 1,000.

Modern whaling began in 1873, when Svend Foyn invented a harpoon on the point of which was a bomb that explodes as soon as it enters the whale. Before that year the method of capture had been crude—a simple harpoon thrown from a small rowboat. After the whales are caught and towed into the station the bloody business of cutting them up and putting them into the boiling pots begins. There is no glamour or romance about the work, as the author describes it. Life at a whaling station is far from enviable, and in the Aleutian Islands it is made more difficult by the rigors of climate and by the lack of communication with the outside world. The postoffice nearest to Akutan was at Unalaska, forty-five miles further west, where the mail boat called once a month. Monotony in the diet was relieved now and then as the men would catch trout in a cold creek not far from the station and cook them in the hot springs bubbling up a few feet away.

The attention the author gives to the life of the natives, who were Russian subjects until the United States bought Alaska, adds historical value to this record of the expedition. He has come to his subject fresh and untutored in the ways of whales, and so makes a significant contribution, rich in details, to the study of their habits and life. Carefully he shatters any illusion that whaling was for him and his Scandinavian associates a romantic industry—and yet imagine setting out for the Aleutians aboard a ship with a skipper named Captain Hamlet!

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just issued a new popular edition of the first and third volumes of Montrose J. Moses's "Representative Plays by American Dramatists." Each of the volumes contains ten plays, the first covering the period from 1765 to 1819 and the third from 1856 to 1911. The second volume of the series, dealing with the years between, was published this Spring.

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 22)

Sorke. Her brief interlude with the ardent young soldier, Yisroel, is a poignant idyl of romantic love. Avremel's acceptance of fatherhood is contrasted with the whispering chorus of the village gossips, whose scandal-mongering has the mordant power and cumulative sweep of that of the terrible old men in "The House With the Green Shutters," by George Douglas. Avremel hears and will not listen. Like the dour old Scot, John Gourlay, of Douglas's masterpiece, he is intent upon getting riches as a means of justifying his contempt for his fellows; Avremel, unlike Gourlay, must also overcome self-contempt.

Raphael has a curious stigma to live down; he was born on the Sabbath, and his mother's immediate death was construed as divine vengeance for a violation of the Mosaic code. He is resented by his stepmother and tolerated by his father. A career of scholarship is the only escape for him. At the Talmudic school in a distant city he comes into contact with a student of worldly learning and is launched upon an ever-widening adventure in skepticism. The village, which never forgets, seizes upon his wavering as an excuse for reviving old reproaches. He is branded "mother-killer"; for this unbeliever the poor creature gave up her blameless life, the taunt runs. He is branded with the epithet of "Epicurus" and all but run out of town. Sorke, his dead mother's cousin, comes to his rescue with a valuable necklace that had escaped the avaricious clutches of Avremel. He goes to study in Berlin.

Mr. Cohen falters a little in his resolution. Sorke's daughter and Raphael make a match of it, and the three are to set forth for free and liberal America. A journey from one place to another offers less conclusiveness in a novel than it does in life. It is an evasion of the problem posed by Sorke and Raphael.

"The Tents of Jacob" tends at times toward meticulous detail. Weddings, funerals, baptisms, circumcision, sacramental weekly baths, bakings, feasts, fasts, chants, are illuminating as evidence of the practical working of Judaism. Mr. Cohen does not neglect to reveal in more abstract form the organic functioning of his Jewish sons and daughters and the influence upon them of their religion, but he seems to be a little too conscientious in marshaling his supporting instances. As for the projected departure of Sorke and the two young people to the United States, that has the air of an extraneous afterthought rather than an inevitable "cadenza." None the less, "The Tents of Jacob" is rich in observation, mellow and musical in writing, and tender in wisdom. Hyman Cohen will bear watching.

MURDER MYSTERY

THE LONE LODGE MYSTERY. By John Hawk. 292 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

As its name implies, "The Lone Lodge Mystery" is a typical murder mystery story, ably constructed, like dozens of others, with the author manipulating his little shells and elusive pea before the reader's eyes. The Lone Lodge is the home of a middle-aged collector of Chinese curios, understood to be wealthy. It is situated on a cliff by the sea that washes England, desolate enough to be a fitting scene for dark doings, and luxurious enough to house the party of gay folk to whom the readers are introduced as the story opens.

The beautiful ward of Mr. Bassett, the owner of Lone Lodge, has just returned from her honeymoon in Italy with a handsome husband whose past is not exactly an open book to the rest of the guests. The handsome husband is known to be abominably hard up, in need of money. He is the presumptive heir to the beautiful bride's large estate. Of course, the bride is found dead before the house party has fairly had a chance to start its gayeties.

Enter the inspector from good old Scotland Yard—an able fellow, within his limitations, but lacking imagination, devoid of that spark of genius which leads Mr. Stark, our master detective, to discover who murdered pretty Nancy. In fact, for all the virtues of Inspector Barnes's standardized police methods, he comes dangerously near serving a murder warrant on two men, first one and then the other, against whom the evidence is strong. Only the tact of Mr. Stark, with his intriguing half-smile of mockery and his towering reputation for always singling out the guilty, prevents Inspector Barnes from acting quite regrettably. He defers to Mr. Stark, and that worthy traps the villain by aid of horoscopes, which are his hobby.

Because of the crime the house party is forced to continue with whatever cheerfulness it can muster, long after several members of it would have liked to depart. But Mr. Stark works swiftly, and righteous vengeance overtakes the murderer before the nerves of all the group have snapped. The slightest touch of love interest toward the climax leaves the reader not only with the gain of having seen the problem in crime worked out, but also with the satisfaction of seeing two hearts that had suffered about to beat once more as one.

GENTLE SENTIMENTALITY

MARY CHRISTMAS. By Mary Ellen Chase. With frontispiece. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

There was a time, not so very many years ago, when the loyal Irish servitor was the fashion in fiction. We encountered her in book after book—the feminine pronoun is used advisedly—the tales and legends she told the children of the family, her superstitions and her devotion. She was more or less contemporary with the no less devoted, usually ancient negro "uncle," but today both have been dismissed as belonging to a bygone age. No members of another race or nation have as yet taken the place of these, perhaps because the gently sentimental type of fiction wherein they flourished has lost much of its vogue. Yet here and there characters from distant lands appear in a way indicative of that generous idealizing of the emigrant to which not a few Americans are prone.

It is this kind of idealization, this kind of inborn and rather gracious sentimentality which gives a gentle, lavender-scented charm to Mary Ellen Chase's prettily written little sketch of the Armenian woman she calls "Mary Christmas." The scene is laid in a New England town at no very great distance from Portland. There the Wescott family father, mother and four children, lived in the days when "children dropped homemade curtsies," and mothers sang "Shall We Gather at the River" while they baked the bread. After her husband had been murdered by the Turks during a massacre at Erzerum, her native city, Mary Christmas had escaped and fled to America, leaving her two children with an aunt in Erzerum. She hoped soon to be able to send for them, and was trying to earn a living as an itinerant peddler when Mr. Wescott, an important person in his own town, rescued her from a slight misunderstanding with the police. After that, the grateful Mary Christmas always came once, and often twice, a year to the house with "a white gate between great elm trees" in which the Wescotts lived. Her visits were made in the late Spring and early Fall; she was always warmly welcomed, and she told the children many stories and legends of her native land, which they presently wove into their plays.

The influence of the Armenian woman on the lives of this New England family, an influence always of the most beneficial kind, is the theme of the book. Mary Christmas has her own tragedy, for her children become Americanized and lose sympathy with her:

When Raphael, now a prosperous American business man in a cigar store, bought and furnished by his mother's capital, refused to answer her when she spoke to him in his native language, and when the new Scandinavian husband of little Mary laughed stupidly at the cakes which, on the days commemorating ancient festivals, she brought into his bakeshop, she longed for the drying of the familiar roads along which she had left the thoughts and memories of so many years.

Mary Christmas's last visit to the Wescotts was made in the Spring of 1918, but her influence lasted for many years, and the "Mary Christmas days" of the Wescott family did not end with the passing of Mary Christmas herself, who had brought beauty into their lives, and the spirit of ancient romance.

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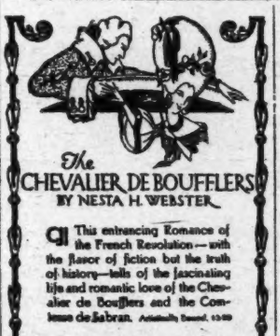

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Notes on Rare Books

THE appearance of the Anderson Galleries sales catalogue of the Clawson library marks the most important event in the history of American auctions since the Hoe sale, 1911-12. The Hoe collection offers a convenient peg on which to hang a comparison, for it was a great library, and, in a more restricted sense, that of Mr. Clawson is a great library. But it is only in their disparities that these two amalgamations of books may be considered. Hoe's collection was an immense gathering of manuscripts and printed books, in which the commonplace mingled familiarly with quality. The Clawson library of 926 books represents for the most part the aristocracy of the period. If it has a modicum of alloy included in its gold, that element appears because it comes within the chronological requirements of the collection. The Hoe collection was a library in the fullest accepted sense of the word. It was the library of a book lover who did not devote himself solely to the acquisition of rarities within the unyielding outlines of a span of years. It had much of that common element, familiar to all book lovers, that endowed it with a warmth, a friendliness, a personality no specialist's library ever has. In this sense it was like the Ashley library, the Rowfant, or that of Henry Huth. The Clawson collection is patrician; rigidly confined to its purpose; clean-cut in outline—and brilliant. One invites with a friendly gesture; the other attracts, but dazzles.

Now that the Clawson library is to be democratized by the process of auction one would expect to find that it had lost some of that distinct aloofness it displayed through the estimable catalogue of it by Seymour de Ricci. Now that it has been brought to earth, as it were, it would seem as if it might be more familiarly treated. But the closer examination of it which the Anderson catalogue makes possible emphasizes rather than reduces its aristocratic air. It is the grandee among libraries of English literature, and it shows very clearly that in his selection of books Mr. Clawson had good advice and superior judgment. Such advice and such judgment could have been arrived at only by reference to the history of the great libraries of the past. So, in his concentration on that period between 1550-1670, from Langland to Milton, from the Reformation to the Restoration, with its extraordinary literary fertility, he was but assembling those books that scholars have come to regard as the highest intellectual expressions of modern times. And, there being a rational economics in these matters, those books are the rarest and the most expensive.

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IT is a brilliant collection, and this dazzling quality will make many a bookman who reads the Anderson catalogues a little giddy. Only by the barest chance can any collection of like quality come upon the market again. Many of the great rarities from libraries now dispersed, such as those of Lefferts, Hoe, Christie-Miller, Huth, Mostyn and Cox, have found their way into Mr. Clawson's possession. Such a volume as (R. Johnson's) "History of Tom Thumb," 1621, with its provenance of Luttrell, Wynne, Heber, Utterson, Halliwell, Daniel and Huth, is like a specially treasured heirloom—rare and valuable in itself, but famous for its associations. In such an assemblage it is a relief to find such familiar titles as Bacon's "Two Bookes," 1605; Beaumont and Fletcher's "Works," 1647; Donne's "Poems," 1663, &c.

Two hundred and ten of the books were printed before 1600, beginning with Gower, "Confessio Amantis," printed by Caxton, 1483, and 716 were printed before 1700. Many of them are in superb original condition. A number of the greatest literary or historic value are unique. The first purchase of the books in his catalogue was made by Mr. Clawson in 1914, the Second Folio of Shakespeare; the last, Breton's "The Pilgrimage to Paradise," in 1923. Faced with the description of such a collection, a reviewer of catalogues might well be under difficulties. Fortunately the Clawson library is so well known in the world of bookmen that nothing new may be said of it. Practically all that has to be said of it has already been done so by able commentators, and the catalogue of the Clawson library by Seymour de Ricci (The Rosenbach Company, 1924) is the last word on that subject. We count this fortunate, for it makes it possible, by a little judicious quotation from de Ricci's preface to give a better account of the books to be sold than if we indulged in reams of tribute. We reviewed the Clawson catalogue on its first appearance in THE TIMES Aug. 24, 1924, and those interested may derive fuller information from that report. The following excerpt from de Ricci's preface will be of advantage to those who wish to have some indication of the books which are to be sold by the Anderson Galleries on May 20-21 (part one), and May 24-25 (part two). In passing we must say that we think the Anderson catalogue of this sale, with its convenient format, numerous facsimiles and typographical treatment, among the very best that has been issued by any auction house. While it does not, by its very nature, fully take the place of de Ricci's admirable catalogue, its value to the collector and student is too obvious for further comment.

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FROM de Ricci's preface to the Clawson catalogue we take the following:

* * * The Clawson collection illustrates the whole of English literature from about 1560 to 1660. * * * The earlier period is represented by a few selected items such as, for instance, the beautiful Gower's "Confessio Amantis," a matchless example of Caxton's press.

For the century John L. Clawson has concentrated on, the word literature should be taken in the narrower sense, as applying to works of a literary character. The Bible, Prayer Book, theology, law, natural and exact sciences, arts and crafts, grammar and music have been deliberately excluded from the collection; likewise geography and history are only admitted in so far as they complete other branches or the work of a particular author. The real strength of the library (comes) therefore under the head of poetry, fiction and drama.

Poetry is very fully represented by all the more celebrated works of the period, starting even with the earlier productions of Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate, Rolle of Hampole and John Skelton, and, continuing for later periods, with such unobtainable items as Tottel's "Miscellany," Watson's "Hekatompathia," the selected works of Turberville, Churchyard, Robert Greene and Nicholas Breton; in the seventeenth century Donne, Wither and Brathwaite lead us up to Milton, whose works, both in prose and verse, are most fully illustrated in the Clawson library.

Under the head of fiction there are a number of outstanding items, the choicest of all being the celebrated Britwell copy of "Painter's Palace of Pleasure."

In dramatic literature Shakespeare is illustrated by a magnificent series of the priceless quartos. Now that the Huntington collection is at San Gabriel and the Huth Shakespeares are at Yale, it is doubtful whether more than two private collectors own a better series than John L. Clawson. * * * His present series of over thirty items does the greatest credit to his energy and judgment. Still more remarkable is the collection of Shakespeare source and allusion books, nearly all of the greatest scarcity and perhaps the most coveted of all Elizabethan items. To own Willobie's "Avisa" and Munday's "Two Italian Gentlemen" would confer distinction on any library.

For the other dramatic authors of the period the collector's aim has been to build up a series of their plays in first editions, and his success in that direction has been truly surprising. So full, indeed, in that respect is his library that I doubt whether a more complete set of these plays exists outside the British Museum and the Huntington collection. Few (if any) other libraries in the world can boast of such an array of interludes, or of nearly complete sets of the plays by Lyly and Greene, by Ben Jonson, Day, Chapman, Massinger, Heywood, Shirley, Marlowe, Marston, Ford and Dekker. The last author's "Shoemaker's Holiday" is a well-known desideratum of nearly all collections.

Two sections of this catalogue will appeal to all lovers of quaint and curious literature: the brilliant gathering of poems by John Taylor, the water-poet, and the unrivaled series of sixteenth century satires upon women and drink. * * * In no other library are these striking curiosities more brilliantly represented: several unique items from the Huth and Britwell sales are in the Clawson collection and are nowhere else to be found. * * * The forty items (of John Taylor) gathered by John L. Clawson form a singularly attractive series in which the earlier years of the poet's activity are exceptionally well represented.

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GOOD BOOKS

Close-ups of the Washingtons

THEY KNEW THE WASHINGTONS. Letters from a French Soldier with Lafayette and from his Family in Virginia. Translated by Princess Radziwill. 256 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

UNIQUE in the whole vast and varied garden of "blurbs" is the publisher's note that accompanies this volume.

We want every one interested to understand fully that after prolonged investigation this book goes to the public with doubt in our minds as to its authenticity, and we expect all to have this clearly understood when handling and selling this book.

But they think, nevertheless, that the letters "are so vivid and present such an interesting picture of the Washingtons and the events of their period that they are worthy of publication, if only for their literary merit." And they add that they intend to continue their investigation and that "should we succeed in securing proof positive one way or the other we shall publish it instantly."

In a twelve-page introduction Princess Radziwill tells the story of the letters and of how they came into her possession and backgrounds them with some account of the family of the soldier, Gaston de Maussion, with whose affairs they deal. He came over with the troops of Lafayette in 1777 and fought through all the Revolutionary War. Afterward he returned to France and brought back his wife and children, and they all lived here, much of the time on a plantation in the South, for fifteen or twenty years. The war letters, which fill half the volume, were written to his mother and his brother. Most of the later ones are by the wife to her mother-in-law.

Throughout all the letters of Monsieur and Madame there runs a strain of ecstatic admiration for Washington. As General, as President, as man, he is the hero of the correspondence and the most wonderful and admirable of all created beings. M. de Maussion's brother was in the French army and the letters to him deal wholly with military affairs. There are descriptions of battles, accounts of the appalling Winter at Valley Forge, discussions of the strategy and tactics of both English and American armies, anecdotes of the officers, especially of Washington and Lafayette, and much gossip about the current criticisms of Washington. Those to his mother are more general in their scope, but these also are largely concerned with the interests of a soldier absorbed in the immediate affairs of war. There is frequent mention of Lafayette and comparison of him with Washington, to the former's disadvantage, although he speaks with admiration of the French General's tact and of its importance for the American commander in difficult places. From Valley Forge the young Frenchman writes to his mother:

> At this trying time in his life I am thankful to say that General Washington has found great help and support in the sympathy of Monsieur de La Fayette. This explains, I think, why he has become so attached to him. We all know how fascinating our Marquis can be when he chooses, and now, under the influence of his charm, people do not discover at once that he is not as strong as reputed. It seems to me General Washington has at once grasped the weak as well as the strong points of his character and known how to make him useful. There is no doubt that, if the name of Monsieur de La Fayette ever lives in history, it will be due to the skill and care exerted by his friend to bring out his good points rather than to his own merits. In fact, it is again a case of a man becoming great because a really great man has helped him to acquire a reputation. I must add, however, that I think General Washington has not, in the whole world, a more sincere friend than Monsieur de La Fayette.

During and after the war M. de Maussion mentions frequently to both his mother and his brother the criticisms, cabals and conspiracies directed against Washington and the attempts to compromise him in one way or another. "There are some newspapers," he writes in 1783, "that are quite shamefully and shamelessly attacking him." And he tells how, "emissaries from the General's enemies," have tried to persuade him to use influence in France to prevent the French papers from praising Washington and his deeds. But none of these things lessens in the least his admiration for and his trust in his hero, and he is very sure that as long as Washington lives the country will be safe.

Mme. de Maussion and their children came over in 1785, and for fifteen years her letters to her mother-in-law are long and graphic. A keen and intelligent observer, she writes about the manners and customs of the people in city and in country, the difficulties of life on the plantation, the gowns worn at social functions in Philadelphia and New York, and her impressions of General and Mrs. Washington. To her he is as great a hero as he is to her husband and she sends to her mother-in-law pen-pictures of both and of their home life at Mount Vernon where, by good chance, she was once a guest. Writing from philadelphia, she says:

> Mistress Washington is the picture of neatness. Her dress is never disarranged or spotted or mended, and she looks so clean, which, I am sorry to say, every one does not, even among the rich. I was horrified the other day to hear that toothbrushes were a recent innovation and that some people still think their use by men effeminate! Now, Mistress Washington, I am convinced, cleans her teeth every day, because her breath is always sweet.

She tells how the President has among the fair sex more than just sincere admirers and mentions among the women "who have lost their hearts to him a certain Mistress Warren, who thinks herself a great poetess," and declares that "she is dead in love with him and makes herself ridiculous by her efforts to attract his attention." There are references also to several other women of social prominence, among them the celebrated Mrs. Bingham, whose salon in Philadelphia was the gathering place of the Hamiltonians and herself the central figure of the most aristocratic society of the young nation.

Whether or not the work is a faithful transcript of letters that were actually written as they purport to have been, it is plausible and entertaining. If Princess Radziwill, who explains in her introduction that she has become an American citizen—although she still clings to her Russian title—can prove that the letters are genuine, her book will doubtless be much enjoyed by American readers, among whom there has recently been manifest much and growing interest in the personality of the real Washington. There is nothing in them, it is true, that a diligent investigator could not have found in the diaries, letters, newspapers and other sources of contemporaneous information. But if Princess Radziwill has reproduced genuine correspondence, these letters bring together many graphic and colorful touches of the time. If they are genuine she should be able to convince her publishers of their truth by means either of the original documents or photostatic copies.

Pens Dipped in Gall

(Continued from Page 2)

ference appear when the sinner is of rank. "The nature and causes of our difficulties," says the Tory Blackwood's, before laying a reluctant scourge on "Don Juan," "will be readily understood. * * * With sorrow and humiliation do we speak it—the poet has devoted his powers to the worst of purposes and passions, and it increases his guilt and our sorrow, that he has devoted them entire. * * * But our indignation, in regard to the morality of the poem, has not blinded us to its manifold beauties." Like the French courtier's God, the literary censor of the early nineteenth century "thought twice" before condemning a gentleman of Byron's quality.

It is, indeed, this unctuous rectitude, this nauseous and unlovely caricature of moral strictures even when justified that makes the bouquet of judgments by the "holier-than-thous" of Georgian and Victorian criticism which Mr. Mordell has collected for our edification, such a mildewed and nauseating posey for modern noses. Many of these men's literary judgments, as their editor points out in his preface, are not altogether to be despised, though they are stated in phrasing that is either stilted or oratorical, and though never once, does the interpretative function of criticism become their concern. Swinburne, Tennyson, Byron, even "R. L. S." are showing signs of the deflation of which they were the awkward prophets. Carlyle's reputation for scholarship in "The French Revolution" has not survived the discovery that the book was written with the official Moniteur and little else at his elbow. But these perspicacious judgments are so occasional and random that they seem the result of accident. It is only necessary for any moral issue to be raised for taste, insight, recognition of values, all to disappear in a fog of prejudice. Jane Eyre, for Miss Rigby, is "pre-eminently an anti-Christian composition. There is throughout it a murmuring against the comforts of the rich and against the privations of the poor, which, so far as each individual is concerned, is a murmuring against God's appointments." The composition of "The Scarlet Letter" (the early critics loved this word) would suffice, if well laid on, to Ethiopize the snowiest conscience that ever sat like a swan upon that mirror of heaven, a maiden's imagination." Never has what men are agreed to call "virtue," been held up in such unlovely parody as by the righteous critics of fifty or one hundred years ago.

What was the effect of these diatribes—not upon us, who smile at their extravagance and asininity, but upon the men who, making all allowance for more intelligence and better artistry, spoke the language of their detractors? Very little, it would seem. Rossetti (his brother is our authority) died the sooner because of Buchanan's article on "The Fleshly School," apologized for, abjectly and even more stupidly, by its author later on. But Rossetti was already a sick man, of unsound mind and tortured nerves. Hazlitt, Hunt and Coleridge paid in like coin and a good time was had by all. Charlotte Brontë took the intelligent revenge of putting some of the choicer phrases of her critic into the mouth of an obtuse and unpleasant woman character in a later novel. Whitman kept the critical balance even by writing more favorable reviews, and writing them himself. Carlyle's practice was, perhaps the most practical. The sage of Chelsea "used the number containing the review as a tea-cloth for his tea kettle."

Mr. Mordell makes some comforting, if rather trite, reflections in his preface, upon the change that has come over the temper of reviewers. But the sins of our predecessors should not blind us to our own. The great outstanding fault of English and American criticism today, as in the Victorian age, is that it is still "floating"—still subject to influences extraneous to literature. No succession of critics, as Mr. Churton Collins has perceived, even remotely approaching St. Beuve, Lemaire, Brunetière or Faguet in authority has yet been created, and no body of contemporary criticism exists whose collective voice is powerful enough to overpower the catchwords and catcalls of the market place. Mr. Mordell's very interesting collection of bloomers need not make us feel self-complacent until we can be honestly satisfied that we have not merely exchanged cant for cant. But it suggests the roots of some at least of our critical ills. Perhaps it is because the fathers ate such sour grapes that the children's teeth have so little bite in them today.

The frontispiece of Travel for May is a beautiful reproduced photographic picture of the Taj Mahal at Agra. The travel articles, all splendidly illustrated, are "Beating the Winds from Paris to London," by Jude Brayton; "The Cathedral Where Women Were Barred," by Frances M. Gostling; "Ambushed in the Wilds of New Guinea," by Merlin Moore Taylor; "The World's Greatest Study in Contrasts," by Raymond Fuller; "Capturing an Elephant Single-Handed," by Count Khevenhuller; "Bridges That Have Spanned History," by Colonel Fitzhugh Lee Minnegerode; "Taming the Wilderness of the Northwest," by Agnes C. Laut, and "The Inns and Roads of Old England (A Review)," by Edward B. Hale.

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QUERIES

"Evolution of T. R."

G. R.—I would like to know where I may find L. Stanfield's "Evolution of Theodore Roosevelt," the last lines of which are: "Ethical science and modern cult in goodly store I hold, but the tang of the wild still stirs my blood and my striped soul purrs as of old."

"Three Ghosts in Mantua"

E. K. R.—Can any reader tell me the name of the poem of which these lines are a part:

That sun which rising touched a sleepy world
With rosy fingers and then settled down
In deep delicious valleys—that fair morn
Found me a King. That night the wind and rain
And I were three poor ghosts in Mantua!

"Abbey and Kent's Hole"

L. J. A.—Perhaps some reader may be able to tell me where to find the full version of the poem, the opening lines of which are:

For Abbey and Kent's Hole were rather close neighbours,
A mile of soft greenland linked finely the two;
The south coast of Devon—as all who have seen it
Will proudly maintain has an unexcell'd view.

"Rains and Roses"

L. T. L.—I would like to locate a particular selection of McKay's poem, whose first name, I think, is Charles. The few lines I remember run something like this: "Pleasures sought midst Summer's roses, find remorse through Winter's rains."

"Forty Like One"

F. E.—May I ask your help in tracing the author's name and the rest of this poem, which contains the lines: "The cattle are grazing, their heads never raising, forty feeding like one."

"What Is Life?"

M. D. M.—I am anxious to obtain a complete copy and also the name of the author of the poem containing these lines:

What is life but a vision?
The forms which have spread
Their enchantment around us
and gladdened our day,
Like the vanishing vapors of
morning have fled.

"A Green-Eyed Yellow Idol"

E. D.—Would some one inform me the name of the author of the following lines and where I may find the complete poem?

There's a green-eyed, yellow idol
In the jungles of Kalen (?),
There's a little marble cross below
the town,
There's a broken-hearted woman
tends the grave of Mad Carew,
And the green-eyed, yellow idol grin'd
(?) on down.

"My Kisses"

L. D.—Can any one tell me the name of the author and where I may locate the poem that contains lines somewhat like this:

My kisses have not stained the rose
That nature hung upon thy lips,
But still thy breath with nectar flows
For each enraptured soul to sip.

"The Garden of Sleep"

J. H. J.—It would be appreciated if some one would tell me where to find the complete poem of which this verse is a part. I believe the poem is entitled "The Garden of Sleep."

Afar in the distance the evening star
gleams
And dim music drifts through the
dusk of our dreams,
While slow murmur lute strings and
soft sounds the sweep
Of swaying tree tops in the garden
of sleep.

"Horses and Vehicles"

F. E. S.—About ten years ago I saw a poem (I think in a magazine) about horses attached to vehicles being scared by wild animals along the mountain side and throwing the occupants down in the valley. While this was taking place, the good citizens were taking up collections to build hospitals and ambulances for the killed and injured. The thought of the poem was: "Why not build a fence along the side of the mountain road instead of paying for ambulances in the valley." If you can locate this poem from the meager description I have given you, I will appreciate very much your sending it to me.

"Trip It to the Men."

A. H. S.—Who wrote this and where may I find the rest of it? I saw this somewhere about thirty years ago:

The fiddler then began
To play the tune again,
And ev'ry girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men.

"A Child's Question"

J. S. G.—I wonder if any one can help me find a poem entitled "A Child's Question," beginning: "Mother is the sky a curtain, hiding heaven from our sight, and the sun and the moon but windows made to give the angels light?"

"An Arab Beggar"

M. K.—Can any of your readers tell me where to find the very short but illuminating story about an Arab disguised as a beggar in order to play upon the sympathy of his friend and thus procure his much coveted steed? The story goes on to say that he repented of his deception, his heart-broken friend begged him to keep his horse, but not to tell any one how he procured it for fear that a real unfortunate on a lonely road might thus perish because no one would believe him.

"Sicilian Vespers"

H. N. A.—I would like to find a poem called "The Sicilian Vespers," which begins:

Silence o'er sea and earth with the
veil of evening fell,
Till the convent tower tolled deeply
forth
The sound of its vesper-bell.

"An Arabian Proverb"

M. C. V.—Where may I find the proverb, Arabian I think, which is something like this: "Look to this day for it is life?"

ANSWERS

"The Dignity of Truth"

MRS. THEODORE STARRETT, Cold Spring, N. Y.—The lines: "The dignity of truth is lost with much protesting," sought by E. G. G. in your issue of May 2 are not by Shakespeare, as stated by your correspondent, but by Ben Jonson. They may be found in Act III, Scene II of "Catiline." Another reader who failed to sign his name also furnished this information.

"The Ship That Never Returned"

FRANCES LINA WEBER, New York.—The poem by William F. Kirk that J. E. G. inquires for in your issue of April 18 is entitled "The Voyagers," and was published April 18, 1912, in The New York Evening Journal, apropos of the Titanic disaster, complete as follows:

They listened to wondrous music
In rooms that were planned for
kings,
Beautiful notes from beautiful
throats,
Sung as a songbird sings.
They reveled in baths of marble
Like the baths of ancient Rome.
'Twas a wondrous trip on a wondrous ship—
The ship that never came home.

Music and baths and splendor!
But where are the noble men
Saving good-byes with glistening eyes
That never shall glisten again?
They called it a floating palace,
And they found it a funeral urn,
Crowded by Fate with hero freight—
The ship that can never return.

A copy of the poem has been forwarded to our correspondent. Mrs. N. Dana Whipple, Flushing, L. I., also supplied it. Thomas Glancy, Toronto, Canada, also answered this request.

"Across a Hundred Years"

MISS MARY G. MEACHAM, New Brunswick, N. J.—In your issue of April 25, J. A. H. asks about the lines which are from the first stanza, given below, of John Godfrey Saxe's poem entitled "The Proud Miss MacBride."

Of all the notable things on earth
The strangest one is pride of birth
Among our fierce Democracy.
A bridge across a hundred years
Without a thing to save it from
sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten peers,
A thing for laughter and fleers and
jeers,
Is American aristocracy.

It is contained in his "Poetical Works," published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Dr. J. Alexander Stewart, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Harriet Dowie, Philadelphia, Pa., and Asa Stanley Goodrich, Chester, N. Y., sent in the complete poem, a copy of which has been forwarded to our correspondent. A number of readers sent in information as to where the poem may be found.

"Idle Thoughts"

LYDIA HAMMOND GALE, Albany, N. Y.—The quotation desired by F. T. W. in your issue of April 25 is part of a poem entitled "The Wind Over the Chimney," by Henry W. Longfellow, written in 1868. The poem contains ten stanzas, the last of which are the verses wanted, follows:

And I answer—"Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

V. T. Arts, Chicago, Ill.; Edward P. Johnston, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. C. B. Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Tilley Blakely, Windsor, N. Y.; Louella D. Smith, Hudson, N. Y., and Sarah M. Searing, Auburn, N. Y., also answered this request.

"Upward Winging Home"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The words recalled by B. H. in your issue of April 25, are from the song "All Through the Night," by Harold Boulton, set to the old Welsh melody "Ar Hyd Y Nos." There are several Victor records of this song. I send the commoner version of the words for B. H., but can supply another if desired.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee,
All through the night;
Guardian angels God will lend thee,
All through the night.
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber steeping,
Love alone his watch is keeping,
All through the night.

Though I roam a minstrel lonely,
All through the night;
My true harp shall praise thee only,
All through the night.
Love's young dream, alas, is over,
Yet my strains of love shall hover
Near the presence of my lover,
All through the night.

Hark! a solemn bell is ringing,
Clear through the night;
Thou, my love, art heavenward winging,
Home through the night.
Earthly dust from off thee shaken,
Soul immortal, thou shalt waken,
With thy last dim journey taken,
Home through the night.

Mrs. Walter Schaff, Youngstown, Ohio, writes that the poem above is an old Welsh minstrel song and the words are sung by Evan Williams on the victrola record 74100. It is entitled "All Through the Night." E. P. Kilpatric, Baltimore, Md., also sent in the poem.

"A Fairy Dancer"

KATHERINE LOUISE WILLIAMS, Glen Ridge, N. J.—The poem for which E. D. H. asks in your issue of April 25 is "The Tin Soldier," by F. E. Weatherby and set to music by J. L. Molloy as follows:

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER.

He was a little tin soldier,
One little leg had he;
She was a little fairy dancer,
Bright as bright could be.
She had a castle and garden,
He but an old box dim;
She was a dainty rose-love,
Far too grand to him.
He was a little tin soldier,
One little leg had he;
Bravely shouldered his musket,
Fain her love would be.

Once, as he watched his rose-love,
Winds from the north did blow,
Swept him out of the casement
Down to a stream below.
True to his little lady,
Still he shouldered his gun;
Soon, ah, soon came the darkness,
Life and love undone.
He was a little tin soldier,
One little leg had he;
Ne'er in the world a lover
Half so true could be.

Once more he sees his rose-love,
Still she is dancing gay,
He is worn and faded,
Loyal still for aye.
Then came a hand that swept them,
Into a furnace wide,
Paired in life, in dying
They are side by side.
Ah—for the little tin soldier,
Ah—for her cruelty,
There lies her rose in ashes,
There his loyal little heart.

A number of readers answered this request, not a few of whom supplied the complete poem and one has been sent to our correspondent.

"Tewser"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—I send the poem, "Towser Shall Be Tied Tonight," for which B. B. P. asked in your issue of April 25. It is an anonymous parody on the well-known ballad, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." As the poem contains ten stanzas we have not space to print it in full, but we give the first stanza herewith. The com-

(Continued on Page 21)

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Queries and Answers

(Continued from Page 29)

plete poem has been sent to our correspondent.

Slow the Kansas sun was setting o'er
the wheat fields far away.
Streaking all the air with cobwebs, at
the close of day;
And its last rays kissed the foreheads
of a man and maiden fair,
He with whiskers short and frowsy,
she with red and glist'ning hair;
He with jaws shut stern and silent,
she with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur,
"Towser must be tied tonight."

"Light That Shines in Darkness"

HENRIETTA F. DUNLAP, N. Y.—The quotation, "Light that shines in darkness," is older than the line from the stage play, "The Dark Angel," referred to by Mr. Arthur Hornblow Jr., in your issue of April 25. It comes from the Bible, Gospel of St. John, i, 5, and refers to Christ: "And the light shineth in darkness and the darkness did not comprehend it."

"Here's to the Cause"

JOHN H. COOK, Red Bank, N. J.—Below is a copy of the poem by Gelett Burgess asked for by R. R. J. (April 25). Many admirers of Burgess regard it as his finest poem.

SONG FOR THE RENAISSANCE.

Here's to the Cause, and the blood
that feeds it!
Here's to the Cause, and the soul
that speeds it!
Coward or hero or bigot or sage,
All shall take part in the war that
we wage;
And though 'neath our banners
range contrary manners,
Shall we pick, shall we choose,
'twixt the false and the true?
Not for us to deny them! Let the
Cause take and try them!
The one man for us is the man
that shall do!
Here's to the Cause, let who will
get the glory!
Here's to the Cause, and a fig for
the story!
The braggarts may tell it, who
serve but for fame;
There'll be more than enough that
will die for the Name!
And though, in some eddy, our vessels unsteady
Be stranded and wrecked, ere the
victory's won,
Let the current sweep by us! Oh,
Death, come and try us!
What if laggards win praise, if
the Cause shall go on?
Here's to the Cause, and the years
that have passed!
Here's to the Cause—it will triumph
at last!
The end shall illumine the hearts
that have braved
All the years and the fears, that
the Cause might be saved.
And though what we hoped for, and
darkly have groped for,
Come not in the manner we
prayed that it should,
We shall gladly confess it, and the
Cause, may God bless it,
Shall find us all worthy, who did
what we could.

The poem was first printed, I think, in one of the literary papers or minor journals of San Francisco, and was afterward published in a small brown leather covered book of Burgess's poems under the title of "A Gage of Youth," if my memory does not fail me.

"The White Pilgrim"

MRS. ADELAIDE ELLIS GEORGE, Dover, N. J.—In your issue of May 2, Miss Everett is in error when she attributes the poem to Herman Charles Merivale, an English lawyer. Elder John Ellis was my uncle (my father's brother). He came from Ohio to New Jersey when 19 years of age to locate the burial place of the White Pilgrim for the wife, Mrs. Joseph Thomas. The grave is in the Johnsonburg (Warren County), N. J., cemetery near the Christian Church. Both Joseph Shamas and my uncle John Ellis, were ministers of that denomination. Joseph Thomas died of smallpox when he reached Johnsonburg and was buried in an old Indian cemetery. Years after his body was removed to the new Christian cemetery.

"A Correction"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—May I corroborate Mrs. Thackeray Hillman's answer to the inquiry under the heading, "The White Pilgrim," in the issue of May 2 and acknowledge my own error? There is a volume of poems entitled "The White Pilgrim," by Herman Charles Merivale (1839-1906), but the poem quoted, beginning: "I came to the place where the white pilgrim lay," is not by that author. The author is John Ellis, a minister of the Christian Church; the "white pilgrim," Joseph Thomas, is buried in Johnsonburg, Warren County, N. J.

Alva M. Kerr, Dayton, Ohio, also called attention to this error.

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